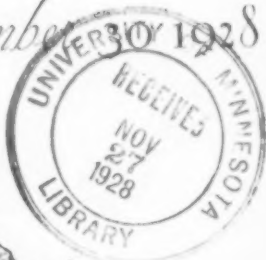


15 Cents

# LIFE

# Personalities Sport

November 30 1928



## The Talkie

*"Now when he kisses her I'll drop the handkerchief, and I want to hear some NOISE!"*

**LUCKY STRIKE**  
"IT'S TOASTED"  
**CIGARETTES**

"Lucky Strike  
quiets my nerves and  
does not affect  
my voice."  
*Gertrude Lawrence*

Gertrude Lawrence, Popular Star of Musical Comedy

What no other cigarette can offer, you actually get in Lucky Strike. Toasting does it—remember that! Those elements which cause throat irritation are driven out by toasting. At the same time this extra process thoroughly matures the finest tobacco—long even cut—no dust.

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

## A Moment in History

THE PRESIDENT of the O-So-Comfy Bed and Quilt Company strode up and down, up and down, outside the closed door. He looked worried, and well he might; for inside that door lay the company's most competent architect, in the throes of idea-birth. The architect had promised something new and catchy in the way of bed construction, and the president knew he would come through—but the strain of waiting was beginning to tell.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the door opened and a freckle-faced office boy announced: "It's twins!"

## Gridiron Glimpses

### The Old Grad

THE ANCIENT grad becomes quite mad  
When shouting, "I'm the halfback's dad,"  
And pounds the shoulders, smites the back  
Of everyone with mighty whack.  
As ghastly shrieks come from his chest  
He rips the buttons off your vest  
And dents your derby in his zest.  
But this I'll say in his defense:  
His liquid spirits are immense!  
You needn't cough, you needn't ask  
To sample "something" in his flask—  
Which "something" proves the pest a  
picker  
Of sweet and soul-sustaining liquor!

A. L. L.

## Havana . . . ... This Winter ... ... By Cunard

**H**AVANA . . . America's most accessible and brilliant Winter resort . . . horseracing and Jai-Alai games . . . modern gaiety . . . with its tropical nights . . . sidewalk cafés and fascinating casinos.

You may travel to Havana in the Caronia, famous transatlantic liner . . . the usual Cunard First Class service . . . real beds . . . with hot and cold running water . . . glass-enclosed deck . . . verandah café . . . delicious food delicately served. Beginning January 5th . . . the Caronia leaves New York every Saturday . . . and from Havana every Tuesday . . . Advance hotel reservations, if you desire, made in Havana . . . special 13 day trips . . . all expenses \$210 up. For a perfect New Year's Eve at Havana . . . leave on the Caronia Dec. 27th on a special 9 day cruise . . . all expenses . . . \$175 up.

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**HAVANA SERVICE**

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• flowers • palms • healing sunshine!  
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**F**ROM the balmy spring-like "winter" sunshine of Southern California comes better health, renewed energy . . . happier living conditions. Children, too, thrive wonderfully here—out of doors all winter beneath the energizing sub-tropic sun!

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This is the winter you should be in Southern California. It is the trip of a lifetime! You will

return home bettered physically and mentally. Now—before you do anything else—sign and mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera," an authentic book of pictures showing exactly what you will see in Southern California winter and summer.

## Southern California



A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA!

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Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

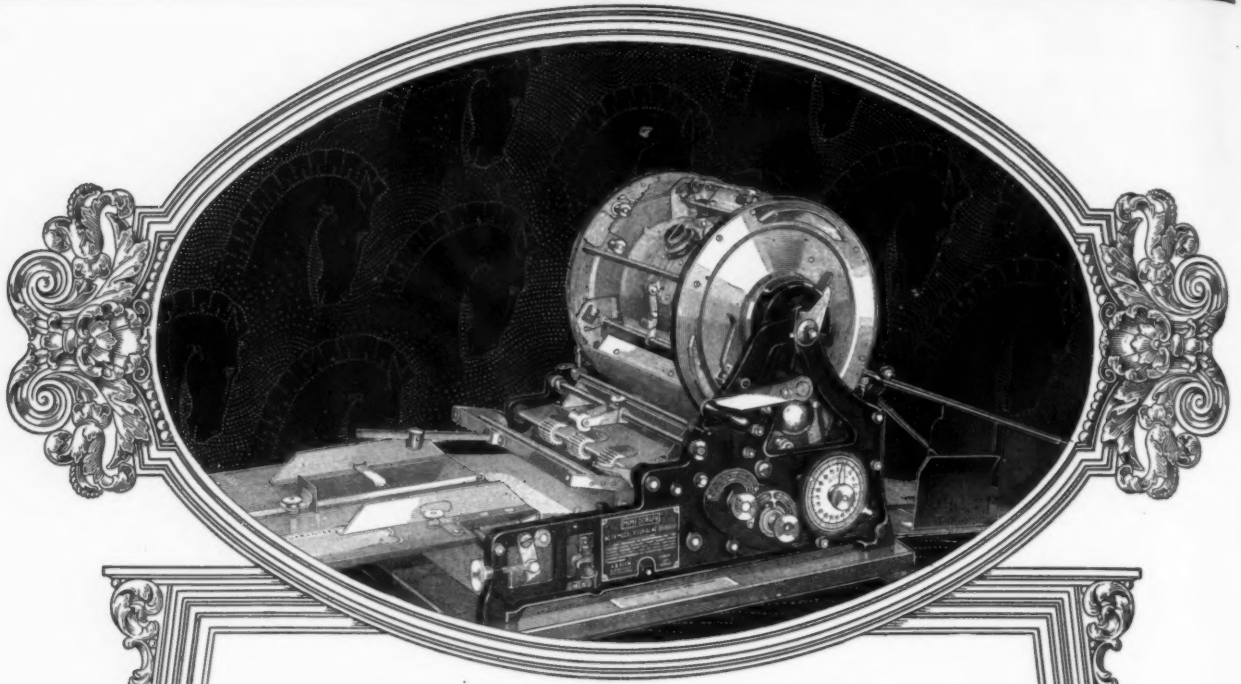
☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside  
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura  
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

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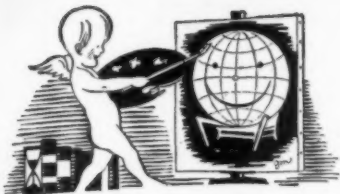
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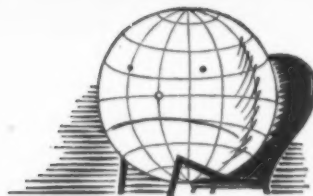
# M I M E O G R A P H







# LIFE



"Divorce him? Say! De lawyer tole me a divorce'd cost me five dollars—an' 'at nigger of mine jes' ain't worth it."

## All-American

COLLEGIATE football I'm told is American,  
Native as Babbitt or bootleg or pie,  
But reading the lineups of teams, I  
declare I can  
Not find the evidence showing me why.

Take a Brunonian list, or New Yorkian;  
Lineups of Michigan, Fordham, or  
Yale,  
And tell me whence Niemiec, Magai,  
and Kevorkian,  
Sjostrom, Wisniewski, and Kovalcheck  
hail!

Hark to the hip-hurrahs, songs, and the  
oski-wows!

Are they for Allen or Thompson or  
Ross?

Don't make me laugh! They arise as  
Jankoski wows

Bleacherites, throwing Stanczyk for a  
loss.

Tell me, is all of that cheering, so catchy,  
a

Tribute to Robinson's passes and boots?  
Reader, those cheers are for Krekow,  
Guarnaccia,  
Yablok, Ujhelyi, Raskowski, and Utz.

Take a good player—no matter what *his*  
kin is—

See that he chooses a tongue-twisting  
name

Like Pulkrabek, Nemecek, Krafchik, or  
Miskinis,

Apsit, or Westra, and safe is his fame!  
*Dalnar Devening.*

## HE APPROVED

"WHAT do you think of the Little  
Theater Movement?"

"I'm for it! The sooner it moves, the  
better."



"Kind of sweet, isn't it!"

#### ANSWERED

NURSE: What church do you belong to?  
PATIENT: None.

NURSE: Well, what church do you go to when you do go?

PATIENT: If you must know, the church which I stay away from most of the time when I don't go is the Baptist.

THE SHAKE-UP that the Philadelphia police force is undergoing is merely part payment for the shakedown it found so profitable as a side line.

#### Ballade of the First Frost

THE HOUNDS of Spring are on leash and tether,

The Song of Summer is stilled in prose;  
Gone are the Autumn's hay and heather—  
All is dark, at the dead year's close.

This is the season of mists and snows:  
Of cold gray mornings, and frost-bit faces;  
Rain is pelting; the North Wind blows—

Let us depart for warmer places.

Birds in the sky fly South together,  
Seeking a land where grass still grows:  
Down where the sunshine warms each feather,

Down where the Suwannee River flows:

Who cares how deep the lake is froze?  
Who gives a hang for ice-boat races?

Let's, like the birds, escape from those,  
Let us depart for warmer places!

Some may sing of the joys of weather

That freezes the ears and nips the nose:  
That numbs extremities upper and nether,  
From chilblained fingers to frozen toes;  
But not for me are the Winter's throes—

I'm sold on the Southland's gentler graces;

And so, when the bloom of Summer goes,

Let me depart for warmer places.

#### L'ENVOI

Prince of the Styx where Charon rows,  
Lord of Inferno's open spaces,  
When I must leave this world of woes,  
Let me depart to warmer places!

Norman R. Jaffray.

#### LUNCH IN HONOLULU



"WHAT'RE you having, Joe?"

"I dunno, Bill. How about you?"

"Say, we've been in Hawaii three days now and we haven't had any poi yet."

"What's poi?"

"I dunno. Some kind of a native dish, I guess."

"Well, I'll try anything once."

"Yeah, let's see if we can get some here. . . . Hey, boy!"

"Yessuh?"

"You savvy poi?"

"Oh, yessuh! Me savvy."

"You catchum real poi here?"

"Yessuh, we got 'em."

"We don't want no phooey poi, see? We want the real stuff, made right here!"

"Oh, yessuh! What kind you want?"

"I dunno. I didn't know there was but one kind."

"Lots kinds, mistuh. What you like?"

"What kinda poi you got?"

"Well, we got epple, minsuh, pitches, rezzin, cockernut custard an' cramberry, an' we got bernana crim, lemmin an' stromberry poi, an' we got epple. . . ."

Chet Johnson.

#### POST-ELECTION SONG—1928

Now is the time for all good men,  
Those wandering sheep, the hearties,  
Who left their folds to turn again  
And crawl back to their parties.

Michael Fleming.

SALESMAN: Here is some very excellent stationery for polite correspondence.

SHE: No, I want some for writing to my husband.



"It's no use, Bill, the age of miracles is past."

GLUYAS  
WILLIAMS

"Seriously, Calvin, hadn't you better begin to be thinking about the future?"



## THE MAIN STEM



by  
Walter Winchell

DEAR PAL WILLARD: They call it Broadway Love around here, Willard, and it must be plenty terrible, if the session I listened in on the other yawning was on the up-and-up. It seems that when they met they got limp for each other right off the bat and nothing could stop the romance that blazed. Their genuine ardor attracted the awe and envy of the "mob" because her beauty, girlishness and charm were simply devastating and he had looks and coin, coming from one of the so-called better sets over on Park Avenue.

But it has happened before, Willard, it has happened before. And it will happen again, Willard, it will happen again. It isn't a new story, by any means, but there is a little more tragedy in it than any I have ever eavesdropped on in my career of anking here and there along the Incandescent Belt. It appears that

from the moment they met, she feared that he wasn't sincere with her—that he was toying with her—that it couldn't possibly be true. Her girl friends hoped that she "wouldn't misunderstand," and they "wouldn't for the world give her anything to worry about," and they "hoped she wouldn't tell him that they said so," but boys like that could not be constant or true.

So she asked him over and over again: "Do you love me, I love you, baby?" And he tried to comfort her with fervent kisses and words, but she worried and worried. The mob who know the "inside" will tell you that he is an Airedale, which means "a one-girl man," and the gamblers would lay any odds that she might have been a wild sort of devil, but she was absolutely dead on the level—with him!

She was summoned to her home in the South the other night—sick kin—and they had to wrench her away from her "heart." Her parting words (he confided to chums later) were: "Just be good, dear, just be true." And he vowed that he would be. But Main Stem Love, old timer, is treacherous. It is as fragile as any of the Broadway electric bulbs and You Never Can Tell.

Not long after they had embraced their goodbyes at the terminal it was his bad luck to run into a speakeasy and over-



"These talkin' movies are wonderful, ain't they, Mae?"

"Yeah—but I bet what we hear ain't what they really say!"

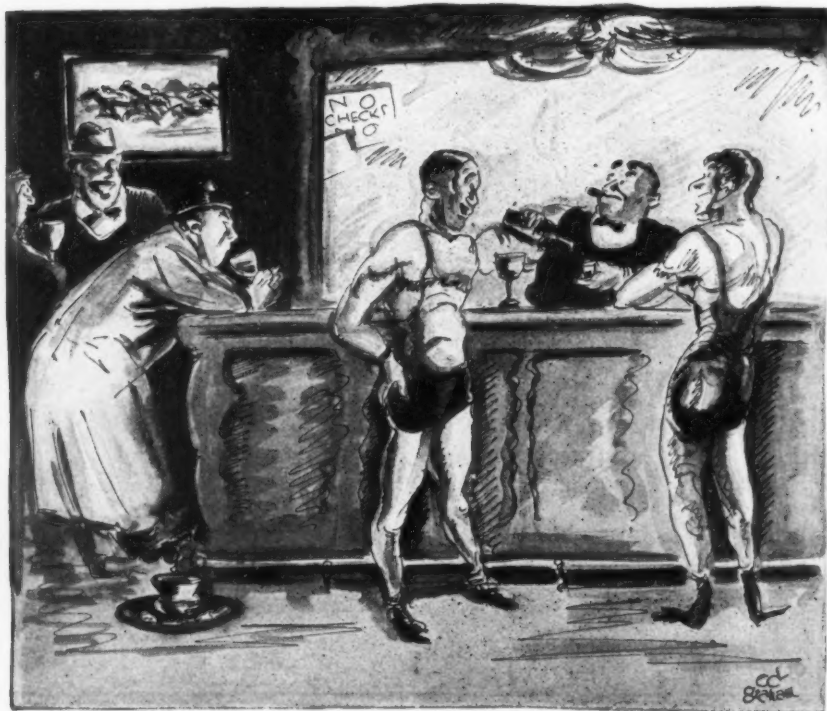
hear a group at a bar putting his "baby" in the grease, which, in case you don't know, means "on the pan." They didn't know him, it seems, and the rap went something like this: "And the funny part of it is this—he doesn't know! She's nuts over him, yes, but she is not the same phrail when she's had three swallows in her, and she's regular with his pals. It was one of them who showed her the town one night, both of them inhaling enough pash poison to float an elephant. But you know what they say, the one who should know seldom does, or is the last to find it out," etc., etc.

The pain that gripped him forced him to clutch the spot where the heart-strings should be, but somehow, and you know how it is, Willard, he wouldn't believe it. Later he confirmed the gab he had heard and I saw him stagger away blindly down the street, although he was cold sober. It was tough, I suppose—it always is—but There You Are.

She probably loved him and hoped he never would discover her indiscretion but the Boogey Man lurks in the most unsuspected corners of this Alley, Willard, and It Is Just Too Bad. The group that "told him the truth" was sympathetic, and a latecomer, who passed the grieving fellow on the street, said to the same group later: "I just saw Fred. He looked terrible. What's the matter with him?"

"Aw," indifferently responded one of the wisecrackers, "his girl gave him a fast count and like a cluck he takes it to heart."

But the rest of us merely nodded our



ACROBAT: I'll flip you for the drinks.

domes as we stood there with our mitts behind our backs, and felt sorrier for the gal. The sick silence was broken, however, when a more flippant member of the mob observed: "That's the Broadway Way. You can't have everything! Most fellows live and learn. He merely lived." Then the wag started whistling "Baby Shoes," which is Broadway's sassy way of dismissing another's troubles. But believe you me, old pal, it probably is "Melancholy Baby," "Chloe" or some other torch ballad that The Boy Friend is requesting these nights in the various hoopla parlors along the old Stem, where most of us will tell you the other fellow's troubles are never as interesting as our own.

The moral of which, I guess, is: Don't Bounce a Meatball!

### THE FACTS

**FOOTBALL COACH (to team):** Listen, you chumps! They's three more payments due on my car; I've got to meet a note in two weeks; I haven't finished paying my wife's doctor bills yet; the house is mortgaged to the roof; I'm still making payments on my radio; the grocer, the butcher, the baker and the ice-man are hot on my trail. Now for heaven's sakes can't you guys get in there and *fight* this second half so we can win the game and I won't lose my job?

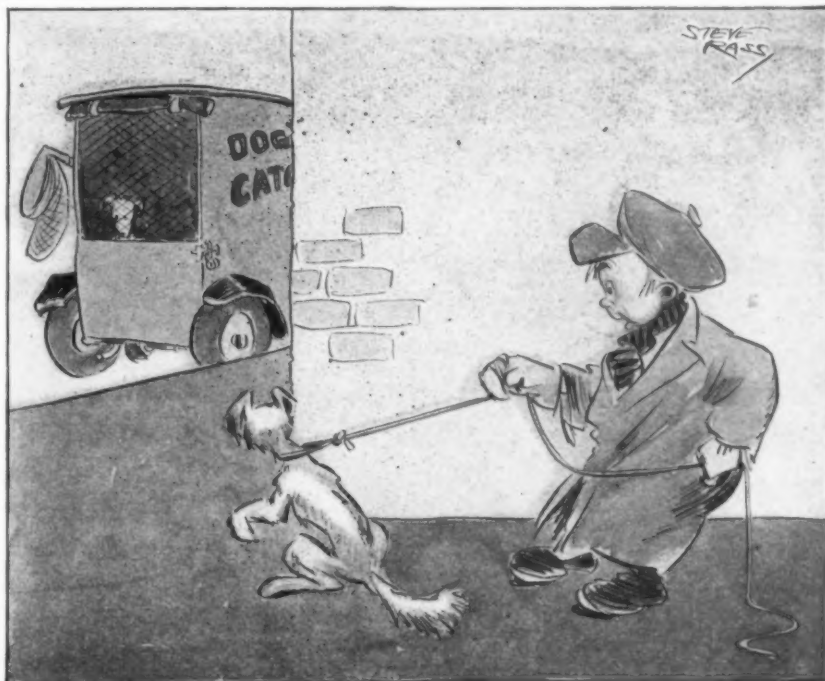
### TRY IT, AND SEE

"I DON'T see why having your car overhauled should be such a depressing experience."

"You don't, eh? Well, it was overhauled by a motorcycle cop."



"I'm all right in algebra and all right in geometry but what I can't seem to understand is mathematics."



"Don't be a fool, yuh mutt! They's plenty of other dames."

### Campus Song for a Radio College

AIR College,  
Fair College,  
College Democratic,  
Sky College,  
My College,

Crashing through the static!

#### CHORUS:

I am proud to sing your glories  
Though the kiddies' bedtime stories  
Very frequently play havoc with your teachings,

Or the Dixie Syncopators  
Jazz the classics for us fraters,  
As we "cut" our class to hear soprano screechings.

We are for you, we adore you,  
In our parlors we encore you—  
And in future years, successful through our knowledge,

We'll remember self-denials  
And our trials at the dials  
On those happy nights we spent at Ether College!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

**HUSBAND:** I may be detained at the office till very late tonight—if I am, don't wait up for me.

**EXPERIENCED WIFE (firmly):** I won't—I'll go down and get you.

### NOT PAUPERS

"THE WAY for you to straighten out your financial difficulties is to try to live within your means from now on."

"Within our means? Certainly not! We may be poor, but we're not as badly off as all that."



THE LONG ARM OF THE MAW



"—an' folks, that last play was a thriller—Baxter Hemingway caught Inkleheimer off guard an' made a beautiful march half way up the board—an' believe me, folks, the champion looks worried."

### The Hotel Wash Woman Speaks

FOLKS thinks that there's no beauty in a wash—

They've never known the thick hot smell of steam

Risin' like lazy smoke; or seen the tubs

Piled up with foam on top like whip-pin' cream—

They've never took an iron, and smoothed away

The crinkles outa heaps o' shiny white

Or rinsed and squeezed things till the bubbly heat

Has swole their fingers red—and sort of tight—

FOLKS thinks that there's no beauty in a wash—

They're doggone right, by gosh!

*Sara Henderson Hay.*

AND then there's the sensitive-skinned through-the-ice swimmer who never went in on cloudy days.

### MRS. PEP'S DIARY

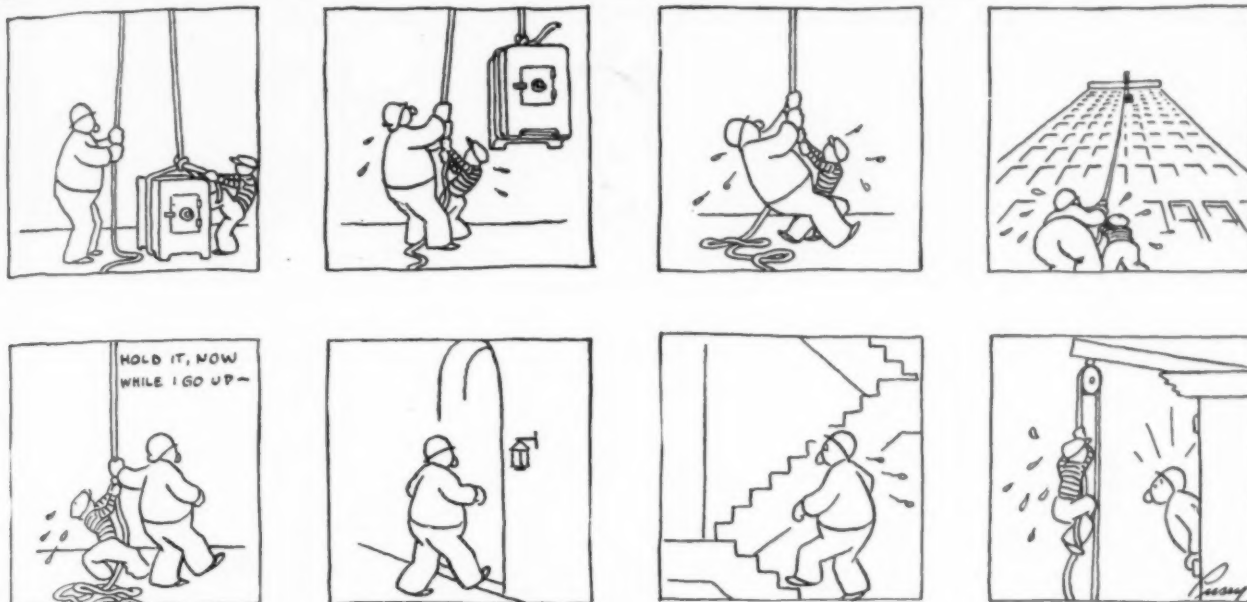


by  
*Baird  
Leonard*

NOVEMBER 6—Up and dressed before daybreak, mindful of the suffragists' prophecy whilst agitating for the franchise that it would be a pleasure to go to the polls with one's husband, but not dreaming then that he would yank me thither at six o'clock of a nipping and eager morning. The second in our precinct to cast a ballot, and that only because Sam would not let me mutter to the lone man ahead of me, "Women and children first!" To Childs' for breakfast, of ham and eggs and coffee, the latter exceeding good, and then driving about town in the dawning, stopping at the Queensboro market to select a fine steak and some greens, and to Bloomingdale's ere it was open to buy a bathrobe for gymnasium, choosing one of red and white striped flannel, very brave and costly. Sam to the races to see Mistress Whitney's Jolly Roger run against Fairmount, and Marge Boothby and I to Loew's Lexington Theater, to which I do never go without remembering the days when it was an opera house with great holes in the floor as part of the heating system, down one of which I did once drop a spool of knitting silk which I could retrieve only by rewinding its five hundred yards on my fingers whilst Rosa Raisa was Isabeau-ing about the stage in a costume which closely resembled a Jaeger union suit. Samuel tells me that George Ade once lost a pump down one of those cavities, so I should say that his extremity was greater than mine, even though Alice Maynard had no more of my knitting silk. Dinner home, and then to Irvin Cobb's with Hewitt and Manie Howland to hear the election returns over the radio, which, in spite of the static, were music to my ears.

NOVEMBER 7—Early up, and off to my dressmaker to consult about the kind of gown worn by the mother of the bride or groom, a costume which I do despise to order for that it does make me feel like a clubwoman out in all her war paint, but one cannot go to a silver wedding anniversary reception in sports, tailored or too simple raiment, so I must have something that either glistens or clanks, albeit I shall probably decide on the black velvet



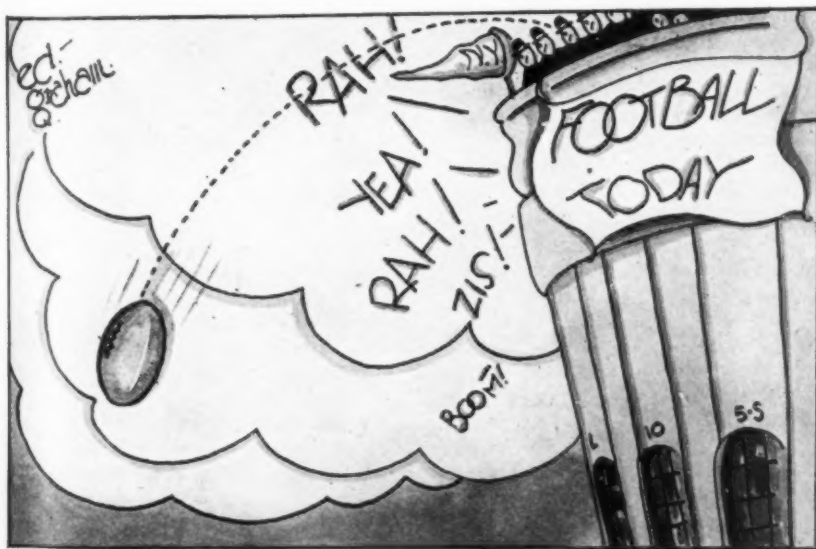


THE SAFE HOISTER

of which they are getting me samples. To luncheon at the Caviar, my pet restaurant of the moment, with Billy Powell, he so full of Barcelona and the coming exposition there that I felt as if I must start for Spain at once, even with no better sailing reservations than those afforded by the "Niña," the "Pinta" or the "Santa Maria." Walking afterwards through the town, I did spy in a window the bed which I have been looking for all my life, so into the shop and purchased it with such dispatch that the salesman

must have thought me daft, in especial when I ordered him to hold it until I could make arrangements whereby my husband would think it had been presented to me. Amy Urquart come for tea, and she tells me that she is tired of being a lily and is henceforth going to pounce upon every temptation, whatever its size, that falls across her path, and yield to it, so that Sam told her she was only changing to a tiger lily. All the time we talked I did sew madly on the napkins of various sizes which kill two

birds with one stone for me, through furnishing me with nerve-quieting manual labor and serving as Christmas presents, but Lord, I have laid out so much money on lace and linen for some of them that I had done better to present those for whom they are destined with a gilt-edged security. Dinner, of baked ham and kale, very fine, and then to see "The Grey Fox," a play which seeks to show that the cruelty of Machiavelli's finesse was due to a disillusion in love and which was infinitely harder on the audience than on the Pisans. So ham-like was it, in fact, that I was at some pains not to rise from my seat and command the performance to cease, which Sam, knowing that I had two glasses of champagne at dinner, feigned to be fearful I would do.



IF BABE RUTH TOOK UP FOOTBALL

## CREDO

FROM life's book of tears and laughter  
I have gained this bit of lore:  
I'd rather have a morning after  
Than never have a night before.  
*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

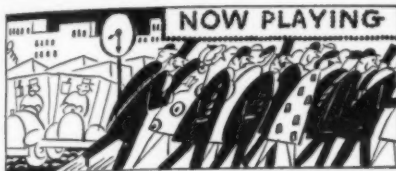
## INCONSIDERATE

"SHE's not that kind."  
"But does she let you know it at once  
without leading you on?"  
"No, she's not that kind."

TOURIST VERSION — "Under the  
spreading chestnut trees the village hot-  
dog stands."



The Infernal Triangle



## THE THEATRE



### Turn About

by  
Robert  
Benchley

EVER since the disbanding of the old Charlot troupe several years ago, the incomparable Beatrice Lillie has been saddled with Anne Caldwell librettos of various kinds and has been forced to sit more or less idly by and watch her ex-team-mate, Miss Gertrude Lawrence (also incomparable in her own field), flutter past in the golden hits of Messrs. Aarons and Freedley. It is now Miss Lillie's turn to laugh coyly from over her fan, for Noel Coward has provided her with "This Year of Grace," a lay-out after her own (and the public's) heart, while Miss Lawrence finds herself in the awkward position of carrying a very wet albatross by the name of "Treasure Girl."

Noel Coward has proved himself nothing short of a wonder-man in the concoction of "This Year of Grace," for which he has written the book, music and lyrics, besides taking part in it himself. It is the kind of revue that one might dream of writing for a completely civilized world and, so long as people crowd in to see it as they are doing now, we are prepared to retract everything we have ever said against Mankind. If Mankind wishes, we will even indorse it—blindfolded. But unless someone in America is able to do something that approximates Mr. Coward's feat, we shall always feel that it was a mistake to break away from England back there in 1775.



AFTER years of reciting Miss Caldwell's and other natives' lines it must seem like heaven to Miss Lillie to find herself back in the "bus rush," or singing "Britannia Rules the Waves" in the world's low-water mark in bathing suits, or executing a gorgeous burlesque of Miss Lawrence herself in "I Can't Think." To sing quietly through a number like "World Weary," confident that one of the biggest laughs in the theatre is waiting at the finish, must be a very comfortable feeling. And, incidentally, Miss Lillie sings the quiet part of this song well enough almost

to get by with it as a straight number, for, as a result possibly of her chastening experience with American-made books, she has acquired a calm, almost a sadness, which does much to enhance her comedy. Since the first Charlot revue so many local young ladies have taken to using her intonations and gestures in private conversation that she does well to leave the more obvious of them to her imitators.



PERHAPS we have already indicated that we hold Mr. Coward's talents in high esteem. We have not, however, mentioned the finesse of his own personal performance in such recitations as the outline of the plot of the ballet, "The Legend OF the Lily OF the Valley," or the singing of his own macabre number, "Dance, Little Lady," which latter vivid attack on society is probably in for frequent and clumsy imitation in future revues.

We should like to point out, however (and God help us for mentioning good English to an Englishman), that the meticulous, though quite natural, pronunciation of the word "dance" on the part of the chorus only accentuates the slight irregularity of such a sentence as "Teach Me to Dahnce Like Grandma Dahnced." If one is going to pronounce it "dahnce" (as one very probably should pronounce it), one should also say "as Grandma dahnced." It fits in a little better with careful usage.

However, the only credit which America can take in the whole remarkable evening's entertainment is the sensational waltzing of Moss and Fontana—and they probably came originally from somewhere else.

PROBABLY Miss Lawrence's "Treasure Girl" isn't much worse than the average carriage-trade musical comedy. It just seemed so, on the night following "This Year of Grace." Certainly Mr. Gershwin's score contains some excellent numbers, but somehow they sound to better advantage when played on the piano at home.

(Time out for momentary inquiry into why most musical comedy numbers sound better when played on the piano at home.) Our theory is that, unless the

orchestration is especially good—which it isn't in this case—the messing about with the tempo which has to go on in a show in order to give the singers time to do their stuff spoils whatever swing and individuality a tune may have. This accounts for your finding out later, when you hear it played for dancing, that it is a much better tune than you thought at the show. One or two of the numbers in "Treasure Girl" are among Mr. Gershwin's best, but you would never know it. Mr. Ira Gershwin's lyrics are, as usual, unobtrusively excellent.

The drag on "Treasure Girl" comes in the story of the treasure-hunt which somehow keeps Walter Catlett, Clifton Webb, Mary Hay and Paul Frawley, not to mention Miss Lawrence, constantly moving about in a feverish attempt to make something out of nothing. We still feel that the lines aren't any worse than in most shows of this kind—certainly they are better than those in "Three Cheers"—but they obtrude themselves more and seem worse, and there is a general atmosphere of a lost cause about the whole thing which depresses the cast as well as the audience. It is only when Miss Lawrence starts to dance, or Bobby Connolly's superhuman young ladies come tearing on, that life seems to start in the old bones and a perceptible fluttering of the eyelids is noticeable.



MISS LAWRENCE is, of course, Miss Lawrence (except when she tries to be someone else) and, so long as this is true, "Treasure Girl" will probably attract that large section of the theatre-going public for whom just watching Miss Lawrence is enough pleasure for one evening. (Our license number in this group is 1,497.)

But while Miss Lawrence is not on it would be well if Mr. Catlett were given a new gag or two, Miss Hay and Mr. Webb another routine, and Miss Gertrude McDonald taken out of hiding and allowed to dance by herself. It would also help if they could manage to find the treasure early in the first act.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.





## SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by  
Percy L.  
Crosby

DEAR SOOKY:

This morning I took a book under my arm an started for the woods, it was just that elegant an warm out that no one would ever believe it's the end of November. Walkin through the woods I had to stop to take in the sunbeams drippin through the trees. After that, I plowed on, shufflin up yellow leaves, bright as glitterin coins. If they was all gold, I thought, I'd be the richest man in the world. Even if they was I couldn't be any happier. Besides I had a chocolate almond bar tucked away in my back pocket.

Never was it so quiet before, only bird calls you could hear. For a long time I looked up at the sky so high an blue—it set me to thinkin that if the world was upside down an I ever lost my footin, I'd swish through tree-tops an then go twirlin in emptiness forever an ever. So stiller an beautifuler it got, with trees an trees as far as I could see, that I couldn't go stampin an cracklin up the forest any more. It was like breakin the bric-a-brac on a church altar.

I squatted in a bed of pine needles, an somehow or other got to thinkin about God. Lookin all around me I couldn't help but see what a swell job he made of Nature. Even at that I didn't want to pass on it without some sort of a tussle, so I began findin fault right an left. Supposin I had nothin on my mind but putterin, what would I do if some-

body handed me a whole lot of nothin full of blue sky? I began to mull the ball over in my mind an the more I thought, the more I began to agree with God. It got so you couldn't tell our work apart. No use talkin, Sook, it was the very same kind of a job I'd turn out. No, sir, I wouldn't even put one more notch in a leaf.

It was just the kind of day that only me an God would be out in, so I made up a game. I was to ask him questions an he was to answer them if he could. So I

said, "God, why do you put limbs on the trees?" An I was sure I heard him say, "So squirrels 'll find their way around." That didn't seem like the right answer to me but I didn't dare argue with God. Anyway, I was raisin my voice an scarin the chipmunks. Then I kept very quiet an tried to imagine myself as the only one left in the whole world, an I began to fill up. All around me I noticed dead leaves was fallin an fallin without a sound. Silent they come down with a gentle dip on one side an a floatin on the other—dippin an floatin they was, until they pattered on the ground. Maybe they was snugglin to make a quilt so's the world would be warm till spring. Well, sizin it all up, I figured winter was comin with a bang.

For the first time I looked at the book I had an I see it was "The Scarlet Letter." I just felt like readin a football story, only I opened it up an sees pictures of pilgrims. I flipped the pages to another picture—more pilgrims. What kind of a story is this, I thought. Whoever heard of pilgrims havin a team. Well, I started readin anyway—I didn't want it said that I never gave a book a break.

It was about a little girl named Pearl, who wouldn't come to her mother cause she ripped a letter off her chest an threw it in the brook. I figured that the mother must have been a basketball player, an perhaps she was throwin down her team. There was a minister who tried to put his two cents' worth in too, an I thought they'd never finish thee-in an thou-in. You had to hand it to the kid though, she had lots of spirit an made her mother put the letter back on again.

You couldn't help but like Pearl,



FIRE-EATER'S WIFE: Now, Will, there's no sense in flaring up over a little bill like that.



"There's an especially gay crowd here tonight, madam. A Prohibition agent's party just arrived."

sailin her little birch-barks an playin around, it said she was an elf child. That got me to thinkin an bang goes the book. What an elf I'd make, rompin through the woods, pawin up the earth everywhere I dug my toe-nailed feet. Think of the fur on my legs all pompadoured an glossy, an me flittin through the trees with a harp-whistle to my mouth, scatterin animals an flutterin birds. An then at night when it was all very dark, I'd peek out of the woods to see if anybody was still up on the farms. With only stars for lanterns I'd make whistle sounds that'd drive wild animals slinkin to their caves. Outa the woods I'd go pussyp-tiptoein down the village, sendin all the dogs into the kennels with their tails between their legs, too scared to bark cause they knew Pan was out 'an he wasn't meanin no good when he blew moanful little whistle howls that made children put their heads under the covers. They'd know that the very fiercest elf was at the grindstone, sharpenin up his spear tail an makin it so very pointed that all the wild animals would wish

they was never born cause he'd be comin back into the forest, ready to rouse up lions an tigers. I was thinkin of this an I got scared of myself, I was that terrible. Just then I got the fright of my life.



THE COLLAR AD MODEL TAKES HIS WORKOUT

A squirrel crashed through the woods right before me. Without thinkin I reached for my tail, but the elf was gone! Right there I saw it was no use stayin in the forest unarmed an I ran home like anything, leavin yellow leaves flyin after me like feathers in a pillow fight.

Affectionately sincere,

*Skippy*

#### ALL DEPENDS

PIOUS AUNTIE: Now, Chester, if your mother gave you a large apple and a small one, and told you to divide with your brother, which would you give him?

CHESTER: Do you mean my big brother or my little one?

#### CRIME WAVE IN GEORGIA

"The Hinesville Bank will appreciate the return of its long handled broom, borrowed by some absent-minded friend."

—Liberty County (Ga.) Herald.



## "WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

VOLUME 92

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*  
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ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*  
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*



CITIZENS who feel that the country has been overdosed with politics can now look forward to a rest. It seems possible that we shall not hear much more about politics, so long as what is called prosperity endures. The late election was not a referendum on issues; it was an indorsement by the people of Mr. Hoover's opinion that there are no issues. With all allowance for the various contributions to his immense majority, the vote for Hoover was essentially a declaration of faith—the faith of the typical American that God loves us and will keep us prosperous, so long as He is propitiated by suitable tariff schedules; and that so long as we can meet our installment payments the problems of life may be regarded as solved.

That is the dominant religion of America, and the Republican party which embodies it is really our state church. If that creed is sound, there is no reason why the country should not remain Republican for decades to come. The opposition, the dissenters, can gain the upper hand only if a return of hard times proves that there is something wrong with the Republican formula for the guarantee of prosperity; or if (which is a fantastic notion at present) the American people should eventually become bored with prosperity, and want something more.

So it is hard to take much interest in the current arguments about the fate of the Democratic party, especially as there has been no Democratic party since Grover Cleveland's day. For thirty years past the name has described a coalition of various non-conformist groups that have no more in common with one another than they have with the Repub-

licans. What has held them together has been the hope of occasionally winning an election and getting hold of the jobs. They did win an election in 1912 because Roosevelt split the Republicans; and in 1916 because an ingenious press agent thought of the slogan, "He kept us out of war." But there are not enough of them to win an election now, and apparently never will be until something happens to Republican prosperity. It is hard to see what good anyone derives from the maintenance of the fiction that this aggregation of discontents is a political party.



THE DISSENTERS fall into three groups—radicals, Southerners, and the city party that Al Smith created and dominated, a party strong in highbrows and lowbrows but woefully weak in between. The radicals, aside from a scattering of theorists, are an empty-dinner-pail party; if the Republican faith is sound, if it works and keeps on working, they will dwindle away to nothing, as they do now in times of prosperity.

As for the solid South, which broke in this election, it and the country will be better off if it stays broken. The only Southern elements that have any natural fellowship with the city party are the intellectual groups that center about the universities. Southern bankers and merchants and manufacturers mostly belong in the state church; they hold the essentials of the Republican creed and ought to vote Republican. Nothing but the memory of Reconstruction keeps them lined up with the non-conformists, and Mr. Hoover

will surely be shrewd enough to keep that ghost in its grave.

The rural South genuinely dissents from the Republican faith, but dissents quite as strongly from the ideas of the city party. It is probably a good thing that the city party's candidate this year was a Tammany Catholic who dramatized that antagonism. If Franklin Roosevelt, a Protestant of gentle birth and rural residence, had been running for President, he would probably have carried some Southern states that Smith lost; but he would not have deserved them, for like Smith he represents interests and ideas with which the South has nothing in common.

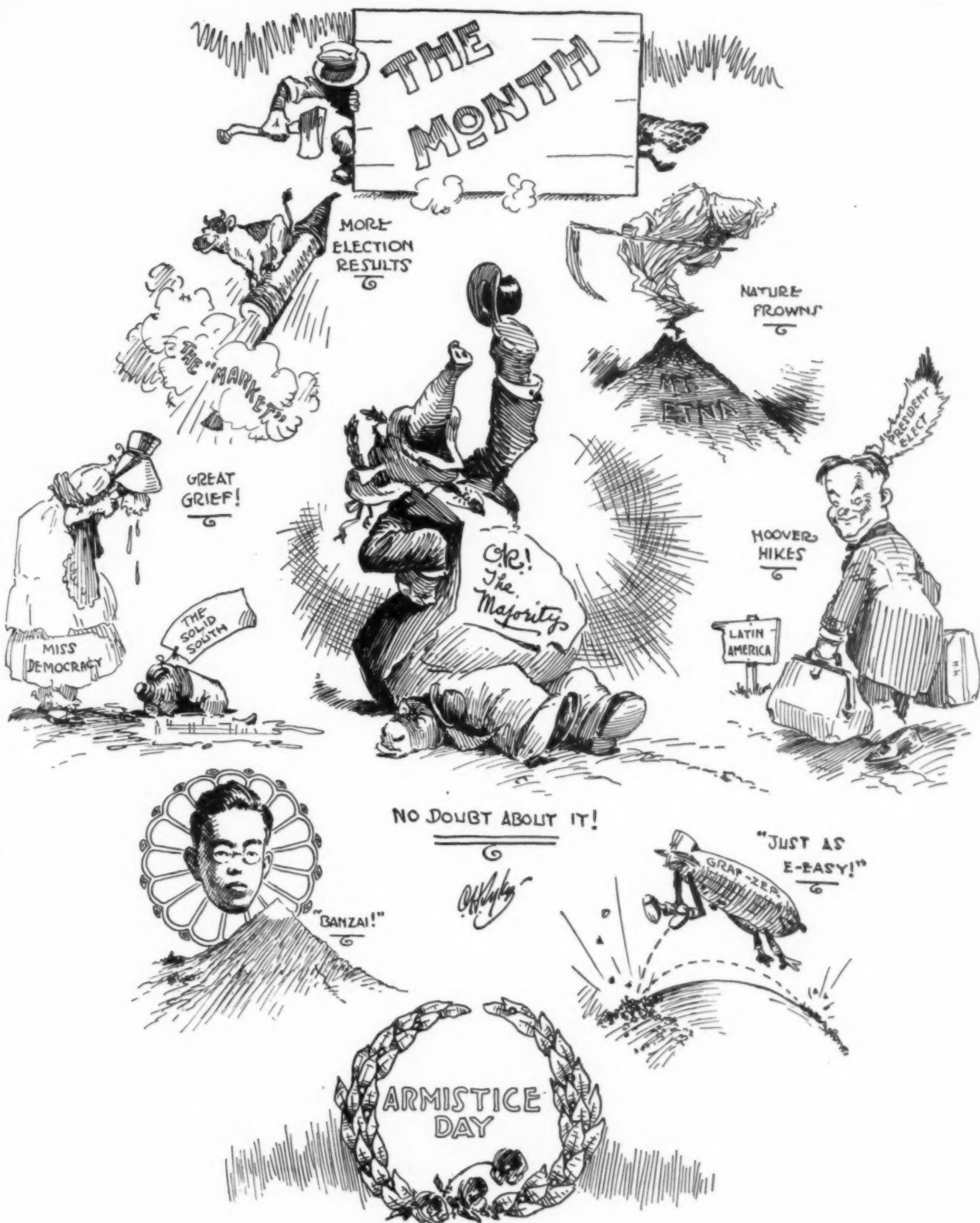


THE CITY party's voting strength lies largely in the group which feels that racially and religiously it has been debarrd from full citizenship, and which is likely to feel that still more strongly after this election. Those people are not going to vote for a Dan Moody or even a Carter Glass, though Glass and Moody worked loyally if reluctantly for the city party's candidate. Nor is there any visible Southern leadership that is likely to attract the so-called intellectuals who adhered to the Smith party. Some of this group can go with the radicals, but most of them are moderate conservatives; their spiritual ancestor is neither Jefferson nor Jackson but Grover Cleveland.

These Cleveland-Smith Democrats will have no home for the next few years. They cannot turn Republican, for they dislike the stuffy complacency of the Republican type of conservatism; they are not persuaded that prosperity is the one thing needful; and they do not believe that the magic formulas of Republicanism have either created our prosperity, or can be relied upon to preserve it. Yet eventually they may be more useful than Southerners who are Democrats by tradition, or radicals who have magic formulas of their own. If the Republican faith is sound all the dissenters—radicals, Southerners, Bryan Democrats and Cleveland Democrats—are equally wrong. But if our prosperity is due chiefly to luck, and to the installment plan with its incalculable hazards, this nation may some day find itself in trouble. And we shall not be able to get out of that trouble by emotional attitudes or magic formulas; we shall have to think our way out.

Elmer Davis.

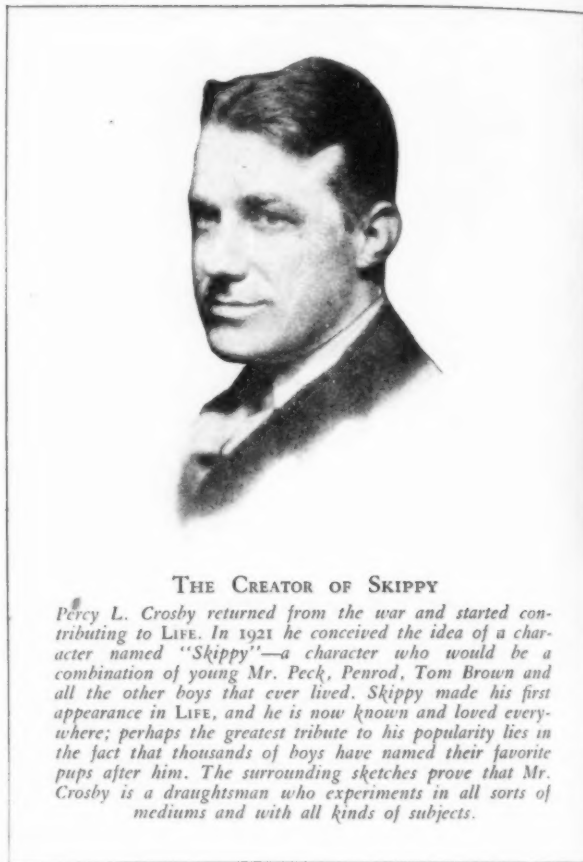




## TWO PAGES from the SKETCH



"Now remember! It's Christmas Eve—so don't go making any wise cracks!"



## THE CREATOR OF SKIPPY

Percy L. Crosby returned from the war and started contributing to LIFE. In 1921 he conceived the idea of a character named "Skippy"—a character who would be a combination of young Mr. Peck, Penrod, Tom Brown and all the other boys that ever lived. Skippy made his first appearance in LIFE, and he is now known and loved everywhere; perhaps the greatest tribute to his popularity lies in the fact that thousands of boys have named their favorite pups after him. The surrounding sketches prove that Mr. Crosby is a draughtsman who experiments in all sorts of mediums and with all kinds of subjects.



## BOOK of PERCY CROSBY







"Lest We Forget"

**A THOUGHT:**

Better a good name than riches; but to have both is dandy.

# Home Life

A  
Weekly Periodical



For  
Family People

**WEATHER FORECAST:**

Partly Cloudy.



Franklin P. Adams, Editor.

**ILLINOIS**

Now that the peanut-rolling and barrow-pushing season is over, Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, Joe Ryerson, Charlie Collins, Bud and Bill Boyden, ye scribe and several others who bet Democratic, are beginning to appear on the Chicago streets without their disguises.

Considerable hoarse laughter was loosed in the Loop the other night when the letter "r" refused to burn in the big red electric sign of Hotel Sherman.

When you do your Xmas shopping don't forget HOME LIFE's advertisers, who will give special discounts on gifts purchased by his admirers for ye scribe, who wears a 7/8 hat and almost any size of necktie so long as it is blue, but no longer uses separable, reversible cuffs, the same not being considered good form now among the younger set.

Illinois readers are reminded that when they read HOME LIFE they read practically an all-Illinois paper, the new editorial boss, F. Pierce Adams, being an Illinoisian who never quite got over it, your corr. being the only New Yorker who ever came here without a return ticket, and Kin Hubbard, Neal O'Hara, Chet Johnson and other brilliant corrs. writing almost like Illinoisians when they are at their very best.

—Advt.

Ashton Stevens.

**SPOKANE**

EVERYBODY here is celebrating Thanksgiving Day with a right good will, though some die-hard Democrats still claim the President's proclamation was mostly Republican prosperity propaganda.

Ben Kizer and some others are working on a city zoning plan, the purpose of which, as we understand it, is to provide a gas station for every corner not already equipped with same.

Doc Slater of Deer Park has had his official thermometer overhauled, and promises some good old-fashioned low temperatures from his home town this winter.

Designing your own Xmas card is a popular pastime

hereabouts, but the way your corr. feels about it is that it is the spirit that counts.

Cupid has been busy in the younger set, and we could tell a good deal, but our lips are sealed.

Odd Young, our hustling investment scrutinizer, said confidentially the other day that he hopes business will not be too brisk, as he will need lots of time this winter to practice his mashie shots.

Jim Ford is looking for a man of few words to speak at the Chamber of Commerce annual dinner.

Stoddard King.

**PENNSYLVANIA**

PROHIBITION is becoming serious here for those who had been accustomed to taking it with a grain of salt over the bar. With a few thousand exceptions, no place is violating the law now except by the quart or pint.

E. T. Stotesbury, who has achieved success as a banker, has now fully recovered from his recent automobile accident. He attributes his rapid recovery to the town's excellent physicians and the election of Herbert Hoover. Congratulations, E. T. But we feel sorry for those who met with automobile accidents and were for Governor Smith.

The Philadelphia mail man who some time ago was reported shot by a Union soldier who mistook the mail man for a Confederate soldier — apparently because of his gray uniform — will be retired soon. And so, ye scribe hopes, will the joke about him.

John Forbes.

**OHIO**

CARL ADAMS, who scribes for our est. cont., the Cincinnati Enquirer, has been invited to join several Xmas Savings Clubs, but it's hard to decide, C. B. says, their colors all being the same, green and red.

Novelist M. Tuttle, who knows Cecil De Mille to talk to, has returned from Hollywood (Cal.). Margh, is it true that

Rin-Tin-Tin is to be doubled by one of those talking canines?

Talked with Billy Schraudenbach, who delivered some ice to this office during the recent mild spell, and we happened to spring some big words on him, but Bill wasn't fazed, he having fought J. J. Tunney to a 10-rd draw in the A. E. F. and being in training now for a comeback.

Tupper Greenwald.

**MICHIGAN**

THERE is a general misunderstanding, and for information of same we are asked to state that the tunnel being dug under the Detroit river from Windsor is a vehicular tunnel and not a pipe line, as some may have fondly imagined and desired.

A card from Norman Hill, editor and sportsman at the Soo, records the first accident of the rabbit season, a rabbit having been injured by shot from a gun, but not seriously.

Clarence A. (Duke) Schiller, the noted aviator and Miss Ada P. Greer, were united in the bonds of wedlock at the home of Miss Greer's brother in Detroit. On a beautiful autumn evening when a full harvest moon bathed city and country alike in its silvery glow, when all Nature with her gorgeously colored trees and flowers seemed to deck herself for the joyous occasion, and the stars, twinkling in sympathetic harmony with the romantic (continued on page 33.)

Elmer C. Adams.

**NEW ENGLAND**

GEORGE YOUNG of Lake Monponset is thinking of going with Ringlings' circus as a strong man next season. George opened a Pullman window unaided this week.

One of our rubberneck wagon lecturers was delivering his regular oration in City Square, Charlestown, last week. "From this spot," he said, "Paul Revere watched for the signal lanterns from the Old North Church before he started his memorable ride." "But," inquired a sightseeing lady from Sioux City, "how could he

ever see the lanterns in the Old North Church with that elevated railroad structure in the way?"

Arnold Horween, the Harvard football coach, has returned to his home in Chicago after a successful season of packing the Stadium. It takes those Chicago boys to show us the latest wrinkles in packing.

Lots of local anti-Prohibitionists say they never took a single highball before they froze their own cubes with electric refrigerators.

The Old Farmer's Almanac was wrong about the weather one day last week.

Many local families are planning on turkey croquettes for the next few days.

Neal O'Hara.

**NEW YORK**

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT has got all his Xmas shopping done.

Otto H. Kahn of here had dinner at home one night last week.

Xmas comes on Tuesday this year, also New Year's Day of next year.

You cannot do better than buy your Xmas gifties of our advertisers.

Paving of the Queens Blvd. road is going on apace, which is faster than how the paving of the Lyons Plains road is going on.

Friday, Dec. 7, is the birthday of Heywood Brown and he is 40 years of age and don't let him tell you different.

Put N. Y. Tuberculosis Xmas seals on your letters, even if you have to do without giving somebody a present.

Jesse Lynch Williams who has been in N. Y. a good deal during the past yr. has returned to Princeton, N. J., to live.

The football season is now officially at an end and what thousands of our citizens are going to do Sat. p.m. is something we cannot find out.

F. P. A.



"You remind me of me mother, lady."

### "The Most Popular Girl There"

HE: What did you think of the party?

SHE: I had a simply marvelous time, didn't you?

HE: Yeah, I had a good time.

SHE: But I've heard loads of people say they thought it was terribly sticky.

HE: Yeah?

SHE: Yes, my dear. Heaps of girls told me they were stuck for hours—can you bear it?

HE: Well, there weren't many stags.

SHE: Well, I had a perfect whirl.

HE: Well, you're always popular.

SHE: Don't be ridic'ulous, my dear. I'm always simply petrified when I go to a dance for fear nobody'll dance with me.

HE: Oh, go on.

SHE: No, I *really* mean it. I'm *simply* terrified.

HE: Why, you always get away like a breeze.

SHE: I don't at all—you *know* I don't. I mean I was stuck with you last night for ages.

HE: If I had my way about it I'd like

to dance with you all evening, but I'm afraid you'd never want to see me again.

SHE: Look out or I'll take you up on that some time.

HE: I wish you would.

SHE: Honestly, you simply slay me. I bet you never dare to cut in on me again!

HE: You were the most popular girl at the party last night.

SHE: Don't be ridic'ulous. You know there were heaps of girls there who are ten times more popular than I am.

HE: You said yourself that lots of girls thought the party was awfully sticky.

SHE: I know—I simply can't understand it because I mean I honestly had a perfect whirl!

HE: Of course—because you were the most popular girl there.

SHE: I wasn't at all—but it's awfully sweet of you to say so.

Lloyd Mayer.

"PAY your election bets with a Stetson," says a hat advertisement. Why? Are they making them more edible than the other kinds?

### Kinship, Ltd.

Yes, you have suffered, and I have suffered,  
And suffering makes men one;  
And I have paled at your agonies  
And tears have wetted my cheek.  
And I have followed, in close accord,  
The gamut your hurt has run;  
The scarlet pain and the reeling brain  
Of which you speak—(and *speak*).

And I have listened, while you have babbled,  
With never the least abatement,  
Of knives that reached for your naked throat  
And snares that shut with a snap—  
And now I'm repaid with an unprovoked  
And utterly asinine statement—  
Your tonsils *nine* times bigger than *mine*?  
You talk like a sap, you sap!

A. M. S.

### THE AGE OF OLD GOLD

THE PLAY teacher thought the children knew how to play Blind Man's Buff. She blindfolded one little girl, and when the child did not move, she asked: "Why don't you play?"

The child replied: "Where is the cigarette?"

"Q. To whom should a note of congratulation on the birth of a baby be addressed?"

"A. To both parents."

—From "Questions and Answers,"

New York Telegram.

This is what we call a diplomatic reply.



ESTHER: What does Dorothy get now?  
MARIE: Thirty dollars a week and lunch.





THE SAXOPHONIST WHO GOT TOO HOT

### Thoughts of a Girl About Herself

GOSH I'm bored I s'pose I ought to do something about it when you don't get married there's simply nothing else to do except Junior League work or something I'll be damned if I weigh babies or have a Girl Scout Troop I think it's perfectly all right to do something like that if you're really int'rested but nobody is really they just do it so people will think they aren't wasting their time I wish Freddie would call up at this point I'd even rather see him than do nothing only I wish he wouldn't keep asking me to

marry him I can't stand his Adam's apple I wonder if that book Mother got is any good but I can't bear the thought of opening a book at this point I s'pose I actually ought to be doing something if I only could dance or act or something it would be divine to be on the stage the trouble is you have to have a drag if there was any chance of meeting decent men in this town a girl might have some chance of getting married gosh I'm bored I wonder what's at the Lyric am I dif'rent than other people I wonder if every girl sort of thinks things out the way I do I think it's foul to be so introspective or something it just makes you unhappy

but I s'pose it's because I've got a Puritan conscience or something I wish I was unscrupulous and selfish and all the way most girls are GOSH I'm bored....

Lloyd Mayer.

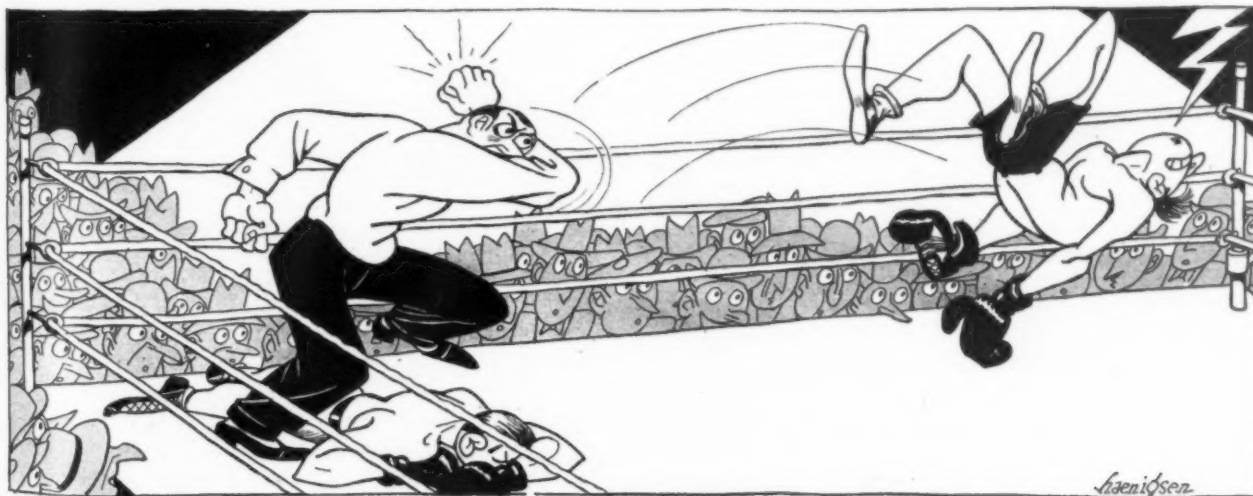
### THE PROFESSIONAL STOWAWAY

HUSBAND: There's something wrong with the engine of this car. I wonder what's causing that knocking?

WIFE: Don't worry, darling. It's probably Clarence Terhune.

He: What are you thinking about?

SHE: Now, Tom! Don't think you can trick *me* into doing the proposing.



TOUGH REFEREE: When I say go to your corner I mean it!



"This sort of thing is quite foreign to my nature. I just do it to please the wife."

### From a Broadway Window

"This is our confetti and ticker-tape department," said the president of the corporation.

"This gentleman is Mr. Kittrick, who has been with us thirty years, and is now department head. Mr. Kittrick was here when Dewey rode up Broadway on his return from Manila in 1899. He was our office boy then and threw out the first tape ever unrolled from a Broadway window. One of his most cherished memories is a smile which he got from the Admiral that morning. He also threw the first tape over the Dewey Arch at Twenty-third Street.

"From this informal beginning our confetti and ticker-tape department has grown to its present proportions. It now gives employment to five men and twelve boys. Here are our filing cabinets, kept continually filled with chopped paper of assorted sizes and colors; here are our cutting machines. I think I may say with-

out undue pride that no visiting celebrity could possibly ride up Broadway to City Hall and catch Mr. Kittrick's department unawares.

"Nothing, I may add, is left to chance. What appears from the street to be the most spontaneous expression of welcome from our force, as a prince or a Channel swimmer rides by, is really the result of the most careful planning and drilling under Mr. Kittrick's eye. Every man and boy has his assigned place. Several of our young men were grenade throwers in the war and are now experts with the ticker tape. Their spirals are perfection. Tossing confetti and chopped paper requires less training, less specialized skill. A beginner, a boy who shows a natural aptitude for welcoming celebrities, starts with us as a paper-passer. As he gains confidence and experience, he is promoted to the front line and becomes one of our cheerers, ultimately being entrusted with a small bag of confetti at a window on a side street.

"Perhaps you would care to see our

little force in action.... Mr. Kittrick, would you be good enough to press the welcome buzzer and put your young men through the celebrity drill?"

Arthur H. Folwell.

### On Reading a Travel Circular at the Office

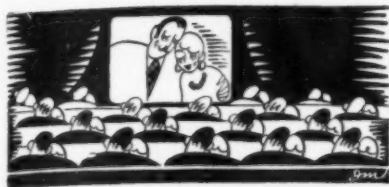
WHERE orange sails are patched  
Against an azure sky  
And fronded palms are matched  
With the river drifting by;

Where long-legged camels plod  
Across the sun-parched sand  
And pointing high to God  
Slim minarets upstand—

There is the place to be,  
Where hurry is not known;  
And no one says to me:  
"You're wanted on the 'phone!"

Gelston Hardy.

## THE MOVIES



## "Show People"

by  
R. E.  
Sherwood

As one who has said some pretty mean, nasty things about Marion Davies in the past, I am gratified in the extreme to be able to report that, in "Show People," she is extraordinarily, uncannily good. (Note to Miss Davies: Please don't allow these words of praise to rush to the head; remember, my opinion of your work in "Show People" may well be just as faulty as my opinion of your work in "The Cardboard Lover.") Collaborating harmoniously with William Haines, who is also at his best, Miss Davies places this picture among the few legitimate satires that have ever graced the screen.

"Show People" starts out with a great idea, and it promises for some time to be one of those things for which the critic can reasonably cheer. It tells the story of

a female *Merton* who breaks into pictures via the comedy studios on Poverty Row, then graduates into the Finer and Better Things and puts on the inevitable Hollywood high hat.

The fact that this great idea is submerged at one important point is no fault of Miss Davies' or of Mr. Haines's. They do their part of it superbly. But the director, King Vidor, and the constructors of the story have been less competent. They have tried, lazily, to justify the colossal change in the star's character in one inadequate sub-title, and in doing so, they have made a good third of the picture seem unconvincing and dull.

They managed to pull it together again at the end; but "Show People," in conception and in performance, had every right to be marvelous all the way through.

In an early scene, when Miss Davies is starting to work in two-reel comedies, the director tells her that the first and foremost rule in motion pictures is: "Don't anticipate!" With all due humility, I'd like to tell Mr. Vidor that the first and foremost rule in motion pictures, the drama, literature and everything else is this: "Be fair to your characters." In other words, don't force them to undergo impossible emotions in improbable situations; allow them to live their own lives



"Please, mister, would you mind takin' off your hat and wavin' your wand a bit? My kid brother here ain't never seen a rabbit."

as human beings; above all, don't try to apologize for them in sub-titles.

At any rate, "Show People" is urgently recommended as a darned good picture.

## "Marriage by Contract"

I HAD every intention of going in person to see a picture called "Marriage by Contract," when, as luck would have it, I happened to read a newspaper review which informed me that "Marriage by Contract" shows Patsy Ruth Miller, as a cynical modern girl, growing older and older and undergoing one companionate marriage after another, until she suddenly wakes up and discovers that it has all been just a bad dream.

I consequently haven't seen "Marriage by Contract," and can't tell you whether, in my estimation, it is good or bad.

However—like everyone else in this great, free country, I am at least entitled to my little guess.

*A Confidential Guide to current movies will be found on page 24.*

## INTRUSION

AFTER you had left last night, I slept, and dreamed of you.

Your hands, your eyes, your lips were with me, all night through;

And all the day the dream remained, 'twixt walk and book and seam.

Now why must you come blundering in, and interrupt my dream?

*Harriett Brooks.*



"This liquor tastes like insecticide."  
"Yes—it isn't Flit to drink."





## CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

### The Theatre

#### More or Less Serious

**The Age of Innocence, Empire**—Adapted from the Edith Wharton novel. Cast includes Katharine Cornell, Arnold Korff, Rollo Peters, Isabel Irving. To be reviewed later.

**Congai, Sam H. Harris**—With Helen Menken, Felix Krembs and others. To be reviewed later.

**Diamond Lil, Royale**—It must be pretty near time for Mae West to open her Blackwell's Island season; so you had better hurry with your slumming party to this.

**Exceeding Small, Comedy**—Tragedy of young married life. Very sad but well done.

**Gods of the Lightning, Fiddle**—A straightforward and moving resuscitation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case without Sacco and Vanzetti. Don't miss it unless you wince easily.

**The Grey Fox, Playhouse**—Through the expenditure of considerable money and the introduction of one good bit of melodrama, *Machiavelli* is here given the breaks as an historical character. Henry Hull and Chrystal Hume head the cast.

**Jarnegan, Longacre**—Some of the less attractive features of Hollywood life shouted out to the world by Richard Bennett.

**Jealousy, Maxine Elliott**—Fay Bainter and John Halliday performing the difficult feat of carrying a whole domestic drama themselves, and very well, too.

**The Living Corpse (or Redemption), Ambassador**—Presumably the last week of Alexander Moissi in this Reinhardt production. (In German.)

**Macbeth, Knickerbocker**—Limited engagement of Florence Reed, Lyn Harding, William Farnum and others in Shakespeare's best melodrama. Due to close December 15.

**Machinal, Plymouth**—A series of pathetic episodes leading up to the electrocution of a young wife for the murder of her husband. For the most part, highly effective.

**Major Barbara, Guild**—Shaw's play revived by the Theatre Guild, with Dudley Digges, Winifred Lenihan, Percy Waram, Eliot Cabot and others. To be reviewed later.

**A Man with Red Hair, Garrick**—A creepy play of sadism which isn't quite creepy enough. Edward Robinson gives a vivid performance.

**Mr. Moneybags, Liberty**—Several dozen platitudes by Channing Pollock given an elaborate, modernistic production. Interesting as showing how much can be made out of nothing.

**The Royal Box, Belmont**—With Walker Whiteside, Catherine Proctor and others. To be reviewed later.

**The Sacred Flame, Henry Miller's**—By Somerset Maugham, with Clare Eames, Stanley Logan and others. To be reviewed next week.

**The Squealer, Forrest**—A melodrama of the old Barbary Coast, with Ruth Shepley. To be reviewed next week.

**Strange Interlude, John Golden**—Five hours of examination into the soul of a woman with her three men. Some of it important drama, some of it just nothing at all. Pretty continuously interesting.

**Sun-Up, Lucille La Verne**—The Southern mountaineer problem back again, with Miss La Verne in her successful role.

**These Days, Cort**—To be reviewed next week.

**Tin Pan Alley, Biltmore**—Another one of those Tenderloin dramas, with one good scene to distinguish it from two dozen others of its kind. Claudette Colbert, John Wray and Norman Foster.

**Tonight at 12, Hudson**—A play by Owen Davis, with Anne Shoemaker, Moffat Johnston and others. To be reviewed next week.

**The War Song, National**—George Jessel in his customarily popular appeal, this time as a Jewish boy who didn't want to be a soldier.

**The Wild Duck, Forty-Ninth St.**—One of the finest plays ever written, revived by the Actor's Theatre with Blanche Yurka, Reginald Goode, John Daly Murphy and others. To be reviewed later.

#### Comedy and Things Like That

**Courage, Ritz**—Janet Beecher being very brave with a lot of terrible children.

**Crashing Through, Republic**—One of the season's minor events.

**The Front Page, Times Square**—A great deal of everything, including hilarity, going on in the press-room of a Criminal Courts Building. One of the show pieces of the town.

**Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.**—Genuine newspaper stuff, with pleasant features for all.

**The High Road, Fulton**—Pleasant British talk, developing into rather a fine play, especially at the hands of Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederick Kerr.

**Hotbed, Kluge**—Hypocrisy again held up to scorn, and about as well as usual. This time it is in a college faculty.

**The Jealous Moon, Majestic**—By and with Jane Cowl, supported by Philip Merivale and Sir Guy Standing. To be reviewed later.

**Little Accident, Morosco**—After it gets going, one of the funniest plays in town. It deals with illegitimacy, but don't let that worry you. Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander head the cast.

**Mima, Belasco**—From Molnar's "The Red Mill," with Lenore Ulric, Sidney Blackmer, A. E. Anson and others. To be reviewed later.

**Night Hostess, Martin Beck**—One of the better delineations of New York night-life, but still one of them.

**On Call, Waldorf**—In a word, "No."

**Paris, Music Box**—Irene Bordoni singing some nice songs by Cole Porter in a farce which needs Aaronson's "Commanders" to fill it out.

**Relations, Wallack's**—Seems to be running for the benefit of Mr. Clark, its author and star.

**Skidding, Bayes**—We would forget about this entirely if we didn't have to write its name each week.

**These Few Ashes, Booth**—Light comedy based on three love affairs. Pleasant in a Continental fashion.

**This Thing Called Love, Bijou**—Violet Heming helping a fairly good show over its rough spots, backed up by a good idea.

**Tomorrow, Lyceum**—To be reviewed later.

**The Yellow Jacket, Coburn**—The Coburns and most of the original cast in the old favorite.

**Young Love, Masque**—A small but efficient cast, consisting of Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, Catherine Willard and Tom Douglas, in an amusing evening with sex experiments.

#### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.**—You must see the Marx Brothers.

**Billie, Erlanger's**—A speedy show built along the familiar George M. Cohan lines, with Polly Walker as its star.

**Black Birds of 1928, Eltinge**—Colored entertainers still leading the procession.

**Good Boy, Hammerstein's**—Several novel features, at least one good tune and Eddie Buzzell, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and others.

**Good News, Forty-Sixth St.**—The father of all collegiate musical shows—and the best.

**Hello Yourself! Casino**—To be reviewed later.

**Hold Everything! Broadway**—A good show, with catchy music, clowning from Bert Lahr and Victor Moore, and dancing and singing from Ona Munson and Jack Whiting.

**Midnight Frolic, New Amsterdam Roof**—With Eddie Cantor and George Olson's orchestra. To be reviewed later.

**The New Moon, Imperial**—High-grade musical comedy, featuring Evelyn Herbert and Gus Shy. Excellent chorus work.

**Rainbow, Gallo**—With Louise Brown, Charles Ruggles, Harlan Dixon and others. Vincent Youmans music. To be reviewed later.

**Rain or Shine, Cohan**—Joe Cook, with mechanical attachments, still making them scream with laughter.

**Scandals of 1928, Apollo**—Mr. George White's galaxy of highly satisfactory entertainers, including Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

**Show Boat, Ziegfeld**—You must have seen this by now if you have seen anything. Charles Wininger, Helen Morgan, Fack and White, Edna May Oliver, Jules Bledsoe and Norma Terris.

**This Year of Grace, Selwyn**—Reviewed in this issue.

**Three Cheers, Globe**—If Will Rogers is as good in this as he was before Election, it cannot possibly be missed. We have no reason to believe that he isn't.

**The Three Musketeers, Lyric**—Good, resounding operetta, with Dennis King and Lester Allen.

**Treasure Girl, Alvin**—Reviewed in this issue.

**Ups-a-Daisy, Shubert**—You could do lots worse than this, which contains Luella Gear, Buster West, Marie Saxon and Frank Woods, together with some nice dancing.

**Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll**—It is almost worth sitting through the dirt to laugh at W. C. Fields, Joe Frisco and Ray Dooley.

**White Lilacs, Jolson**—Refined musical entertainment, based on the life of Chopin. Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

**Whoopee, New Amsterdam**—The new Eddie Cantor show. To be reviewed later.

#### Repertory and Laboratory

**Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.**—Eva Le Gallienne repeating her last year's success, with such plays as *The Would-Be Gentleman*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *Cradle Song*, *L'Invitation au Voyage* and *Peter Pan*.

**The Dark Mirror, Cherry Lane**—Sincere but hardly expert.

**The Final Balance, Provincetown**—All right for this kind of thing, but hardly for those who are out for an evening's entertainment.

Robert Benchley.

### The Movies

#### Recent Developments

**Dry Martini, Fox**—Views of the elbow-bending American colony in the Ritz bar in Paris, with some bits of deft direction, some silliness and some dirt.

**The Wedding March, Paramount**—A tragedy of noble villainy and humble virtue in Vienna, done by von Stroheim on a grand scale, but not done well.

**The Home Towners, Warner Bros.**—An over-talkative talkie, with some good lines by George M. Cohan and some good acting by Robert McWade, Richard Bennett and others.

**Varsity, Paramount**—Chester Conklin as an old janitor at Princeton, and Charles Rogers as his sophomore son, in a pretty good picture of college life with some dreadful talking sequences.

**While the City Sleeps, Metro-Goldwyn**—If you wait through this, you will see one of the most exciting battles of the crime war. Lon Chaney appears as a flat-footed detective who loves and loses.

**The Mating Call, Paramount**—Thomas Meighan turns in a characteristically quiet performance in a grim drama of bigotry in the Klan belt.

**Me, Gangster, Fox**—This would have been an excellent picture of crime and punishment if it hadn't tried so hard to point a Great Moral Lesson.

**Our Dancing Daughters, Metro-Goldwyn**—The sexiest, jazziest and hottest of the many exposés of the rebellious younger generation, with Joan Crawford and Anita Page turning it on at a great rate.

**Four Devils, Fox**—The directorial methods of F. W. Murnau are ultra-modern; but the story and the characters with which he has to deal are of the vintage of 1913.

**The Battle of the Sexes, United Artists**—A rather lurid but sprightly record of a big game hunt along the main stem. Phyllis Haver is the huntress and Jean Hersholt is the quarry.

**The Fleet's In, Paramount**—This rates as one of Clara Bow's best, thanks to the cordial co-operation of the U. S. Navy.

**Mother Knows Best, Fox**—Edna Ferber's story of mother love back-stage, beautifully played by Louise Dresser, but spoiled by the injection of the Movie-tone at one crucial moment.

**Excess Baggage, Metro-Goldwyn**—William Haines as a sad acrobat whose wife becomes too famous for him.

**Lilac Time, First National**—I suppose it was inevitable that, at some stage in her career, Colleen Moore would have to star in an epic of the Great War, replete with machine guns, airplane duels and a theme song.

**The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.**—and *The Patriot, Paramount*—Highly recommended.

**Show People, Metro-Goldwyn**, and *Marriage by Contract, Paramount*—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

### Reading Matters

#### In General

**The Not-Quite Puritans**, by Henry W. Lawrence. *Little, Brown*—Which goes on to say that those ancestors who saddled us with the Blue Laws were no better than they should have been.

**Abe Martin's Barbed Wire**, by Kin Hubbard. *Bobbs-Merrill*—Just what you'd expect from one of the most pointed pens in the country: the best short cracks in the country.

**Murder Will Out**, by George E. Minot. *Marshall Jones*—Twenty-nine famous murder cases interestingly reviewed for those who like their blood hot and their steel cold.

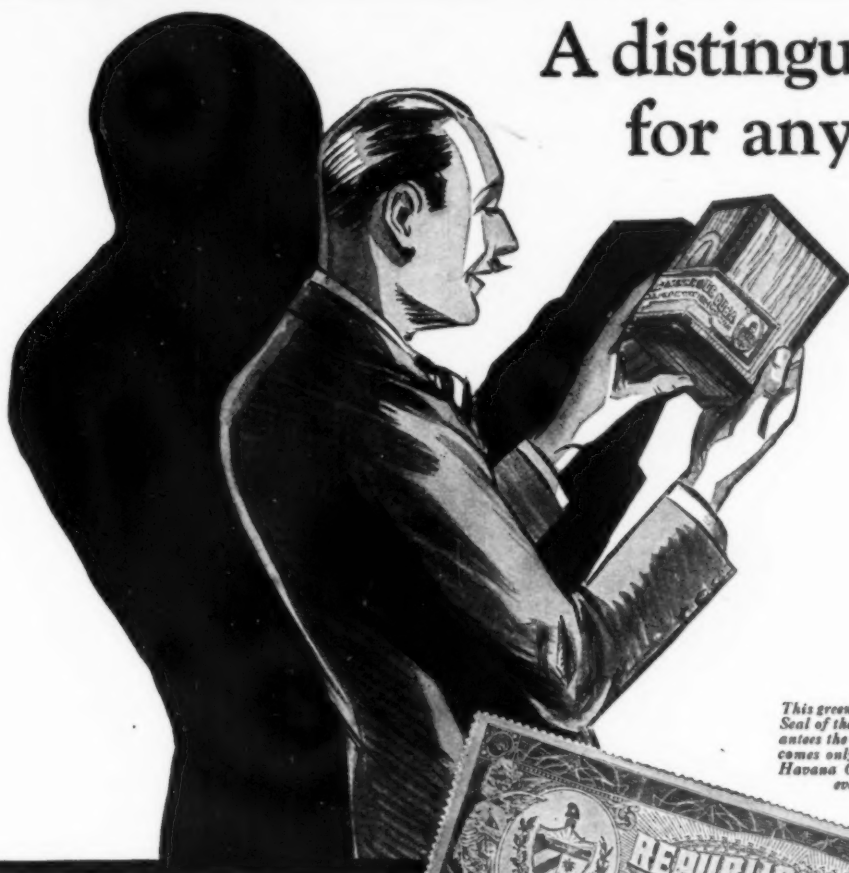
**Orlando**, by Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace*—Personally, we'd rather not read about people who live three centuries and change from male to female, but suit yourself.

**Meaning No Offense**, by John Riddell. *John Day*—Corey "Trader" Ford's uproarious take-offs on last year's literature. Swell.

**Giant Killer**, by Elmer Davis. *John Day*—The Bible story made interesting.

(Continued on page 30)

A distinguished gift  
for any man!



*This green label bearing the official Seal of the Republic of Cuba guarantees the smoking fragrance that comes only with genuine Imported Havana Cigars. Look for it on every box you buy.*

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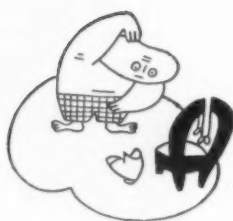
From the outside, the only way to tell Genuine Imported Havana Cigars is by the label. Every box is sealed with a large green band bearing the official guarantee of the Republic of Cuba. ¶ From the inside, of course, the quality speaks for itself, for the finest and most delicately flavored tobaccos are Cuban grown. ¶ Like the special quality of rare vintage, the fine quality leaf that goes into Genuine Imported Havana Cigars belongs to particular localities, outside of which it cannot be cultivated. ¶ Thru generations, the most valuable qualities of tobacco have been mellowed under most favorable tropical conditions. ¶ Thru generations, nimble, native fingers have developed rare skill in the fine art of selecting, blending and rolling. ¶ Genuine Imported Havana Cigars are the supreme gift of infinite satisfaction to the connoisseur—and who is not when it comes to cigars! ¶ Genuine Imported Havana Cigars are sold wherever good cigars are offered. Look for the official government band on every box.

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# Our Foolish Contemporaries

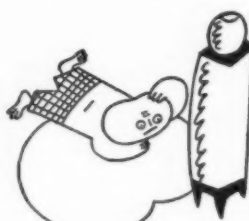
"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



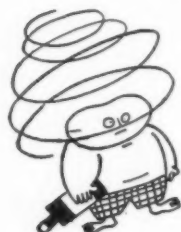
"Oh, Lord! I've gone and lost the other shoe."



"Now I won't be able to go out."



"No—nothing there!"



Alcoholic Strategy  
—GUTIÉRREZ (MADRID).

THERE is to be a road company of "Strange Interlude." It was felt that life in the provinces would be finer and richer if the people had something to take dinner between.

—New Yorker.



"Mabel, what did you do with that book I reviewed last week? You gave it away for a bridge prize? Why, you know I hadn't read it yet."

—CHICAGO PHOENIX.

## BATHING SONG

My shower's like a secret vault  
Whose combination can't be learned;  
In vain I turn the faucets 'round—  
I'm either frozen or I'm burned.

—Harvard Lampoon.

## BREAKFAST'S READY!

A HUSBAND appeared in the kitchen before the call for breakfast. "Did you think I called you to breakfast?" asked the surprised wife.  
"I didn't need to be called. I heard you scraping the burns off the toast," replied the compatible husband.

—Indianapolis News.

## OUT OF HER OWN HEAD

LOUISE had just read her composition and her teacher said:  
"That is good, Louise. Is it original?"  
"No, I made it up."

—Charleston News and Courier.

AN Iowa man has been arrested for drunkenness a hundred and seventeen times in the last ten months. There ought to be a law!

—New York Evening Post.

"THE new mayor of Peking, China, is Mr. Ho." What Ho?—Detroit News.

## THE ONLY ONE

THE GLASGOW tram-car was making for the football ground packed with soccer fans when the conductor reappeared on the upper deck to make sure he had collected all the fares.

"Is there any braw laddie here ridin' free?" he asked with a shout.

"Aye; ye are, laddie," groaned a chorus of envious voices.—Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield).

## NIGHTMARE

X (not looking in the best of health): As a matter of fact I didn't sleep much last night. Had a horrible dream.

Y: Nothing to worry about in that, surely.

X: A man's in a bad way when he doesn't play better golf in his sleep than he does on the links.—London Evening News.

## THOSE MARTIAN BLUES

DR. ROBINSON, the Martian expert, says women on Mars are just as fickle as they are on the earth. And human nature being what it is, the Martians probably have a tiresome song to that effect, too.—Kansas City Star.

"We are the oddest grocers in the town. The best quality at the lowest prices."

—Advt. in a Provincial Paper.

It certainly sounds very unusual.

—Humorist (London).



Man Suffering Shell-shock from Listening to a Livatone War Movie.

—PRINCETON TIGER.



## THE FATALIST

TED PARAMORE, one of the authors of "Ring-side," relays this story, which he credits to Harry Hershfield:

It seems there was a Jewish immigrant who made a bare living by peddling Third Avenue junk to stage property men. The years of oppression in the Polish Pale lay heavy on his heart, and the memory of the knout flashed wickedly across his mind, though he was now in the Land of Freedom. Crossing Park Avenue one day on his way to an East Side pawn shop, he was run down by a Rolls-Royce. The little immigrant was knocked cold for a moment and when he came to he found the liveried chauffeur bending over him with a leather-covered notebook and gold pencil. Trembling with fear he gave his name and address and struggled to his feet, a mass of bruises. The chauffeur jumped back in his limousine and drove off, while the victim gazed after him sadly. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself reassuringly: "After all, vot can they do to me?"—*D. A. C. News.*

## AN ELECTION NIGHT SNAPSHOT

Who are the twain who all the night  
So jubilantly dance and sing?

I will inform you: Left to right,  
An Ardent Dry; a Bootleg King.

—*New York Times.*



"No—no—Muriel is not at home. And I won't give her oodles of love from her little Georgie!"  
—LONDON CALLING.

"She was smiting at him. He fancied he had seen her or met her somewhere."—*Short Story.*  
At the altar, we suspect.—*Humorist (London).*

## THE SIGN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

Two gentlemen dropped in the other afternoon at a midtown establishment. They found a strange man at the door and several others sitting around inside, talking to a morose and discouraged waiter. Out on a table, in rather startling publicity, was a large quantity of whiskey and wine. "Are you customers?" asked one of the seated strangers rather harshly. "We intended to be," the callers responded with mildness. "Well," said the stranger, "this place has been raided. The United States Government is now in charge. We are not selling anything"—then, after a pensive pause, "at present."

—*New Yorker.*

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## SO IT GOES

"O' course ther's lots o' folks that don't know when they're well off, but ther's ten times as many who don't know when they hain't well off."—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*

FROM a Yorkshire paper:

"Wanted, a respectable woman, aged 45 to 500; permanent."

How long do they expect to keep her?

—*London News and Westminster.*

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## PERSONS YOU'RE SIMPLY MAD ABOUT



## The Amateur Incendiary

It's bad form to get excited  
When a cigarette still lighted  
Leaves the finish on the baby grand a wreck.  
But it's eminently proper  
To take the fag and drop her  
Nonchalantly down the guilty party's neck.

NO one, more than ourselves, appreciates that hospitality which bids a guest feel at home. But really there is no reason why guests should amuse themselves by leaving lighted cigarettes on real Colonial mantelpieces or concealing them in hand-painted waste baskets.

To discourage this barbarous practice we invented the NEVASMOK. This little device, with more than human intelligence (which isn't saying much) smothers a glowing cigarette end without giving it a chance.

And Listen! NEVASMOK is guaranteed smokeless and odorless—and, girls, we don't mean maybe.

Furthermore, NEVASMOK never spills a flake of ash. It can't tip over and it's absolutely odorless. And, furthermore than that, it's terribly good looking.

YANKEE METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 507 W. 50th St., New York  
Specialists in artistic smoke accessories

**NEVASMOK**  
Smokeless and Odorless Ash Receiver

WHEN IT'S IN  
IT'S OUT



If you don't find  
NEVASMOK at your  
favorite smoke shop  
just send us \$2.00  
and we will ship  
you one postpaid.

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American  
Furniture Mart  
666 Lake Shore Drive  
Space 618

## THE INTERVIEW

MORGAN MELTON, the financial genius, arrived in a small market town for a well-deserved rest.

Immediately the local paper sent up a young man to interview him.

"What are you going to do while you're here?" asked the reporter.

"Rest," said Morgan Melton.

"What exactly do you mean by rest?"

"Rest," said Morgan Melton.

"If you see any other financiers in this country, what will you discuss?"

"Rest."

"One question more. What is your advice for young men in my position?"

"Rest, young man—rest! And by all means begin at once!"—*Answers.*

## RICH RELATIONS

RICH RELATIONS are a delusion and a snare. They are a mirage in the desert; they are Dead Sea apples filled with dust and ashes; they are mock-cherries loaded with blossoms that never bear fruit. They are patronizing to our attainments and curt to our friends. They are supercilious to our sensibilities and critical of our failures. They are a stitch in the side to all social aspirations and a crick in the neck to our peace of mind.

Rich Relations are considered an asset by those who are fortunate enough not to have any. Every one who is afflicted with them discovers they are a liability and a constant source of irritation. They are dispensers of second-hand clothing and last-minute theater tickets. Speaking of hand-me-down clothes—a recipient of a Rich Relation's bounty once said: "All the things they send me are nice. So nice that I am de-

lighted to get them. But I wish I could once in a while buy my own clothes and the things I really want. It certainly gets tiresome always wearing the kind of clothes other people select."

At best, the donations of Rich Relations do not compensate for the extravagant standard of living they establish for their family connections. Their gifts are either luxuries or the kind of things they think their poor relations ought to have rather than the everyday necessities of life. Rich Relations prefer to give fur coats which are neither wanted nor desired to paying for bread and potatoes. The essentials of life and health are too plebeian for them to think about.

—E. A. McAlpin, in *Scribner's*.

## "STOP—GO"

Twinkle, twinkle, traffic lights,  
How you balk me days and nights!  
Up above the crowded street,  
Making tie-ups most complete.

Blinking green for "Go ahead"—  
Switching quickly then to red;  
Making anxious drivers wait—  
Making little jams seem great.

Twinkle, twinkle, traffic light,  
How my happiness you blight—  
Don't you think if you would quit,  
Traffic problems soon would flit?

—H. I. Phillips, in *New York Sun*.

Who can remember when the perfectly killing funny man at the party always said his favorite salad was a date with a peach?

—*Detroit News*.



Havana, smartest city in America, offers you thirteen daily hours of sunshine for sport, horse-racing on the prettiest track you've seen, a Jockey Club where you may play, dine, dance or watch the races—Jai-Alai, fastest game on earth—and the Casino, luxurious shrine of a fickle goddess, with the best cook this side of Paris.

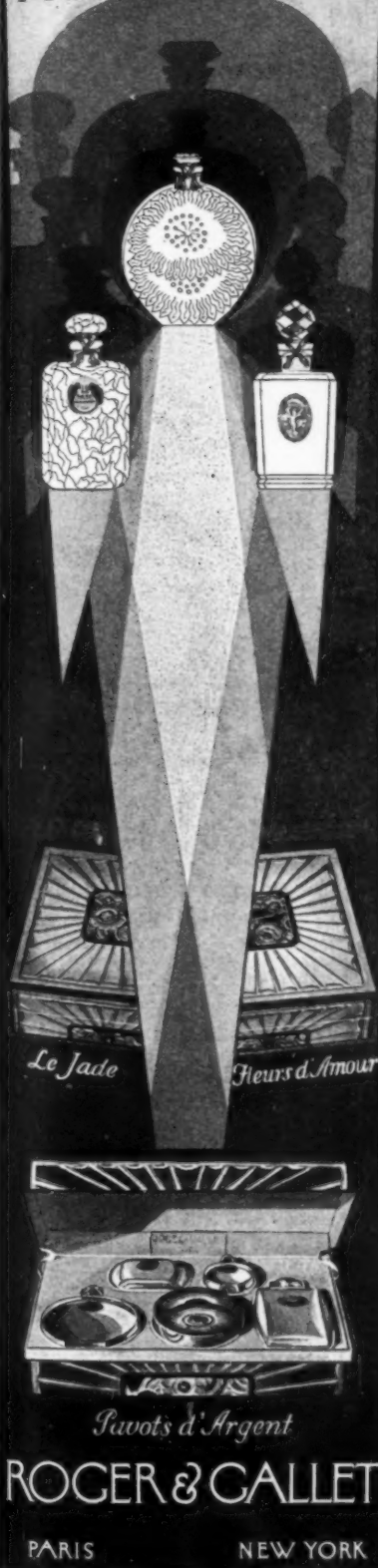


Bring your car in free of duty and discover romantic Cuba on velvet highways—the wondrous Isle of Pines—the sponge fisheries of Batabano—the Valley of the Yumuri—the Valley of Vinales—Pinar del Rio, home of "burning romance" in leaf-beautiful Matanzas.

Information from Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, or from any Cuban Consulate or Tourist Agency.

**Havana**  
SMARTEST CITY  
IN AMERICA

# ECHOES of FRAGRANCE



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## RHYMED REVIEWS

### Orlando

By Virginia Woolf     Harcourt, Brace &amp; Co.

IN fifteen-ninety, more or less,  
Orlando, then a gallant stripling,  
Beguiled the heart of old Queen Bess  
With eyes of blue and tresses rippling.

When James the First was on the throne  
A Russian princess charmed our hero,  
But basely left him all alone,  
Which sent his spirits down to zero.

In Charles the Second's lively reign,  
His mind and soul no longer murky,  
He graced the diplomatic train  
As high ambassador to Turkey.

But in the days of good Queen Anne,  
Orlando, suddenly a lady,  
Regaled the literary clan  
In tearooms bright and bowers shady.

In Queen Victoria's morningtide  
She took a matrimonial flyer—  
Orlando deigned to be the bride  
Of M. B. Sheldermine, Esquire.

Her book appeared in Edward's time,  
And not one critic dared to slight it;  
"The Oak Tree" must have been sublime;  
She took three centuries to write it.

This whim should make an author call  
For pistols, ropes and draughts ar-  
senious;

It shows what lives and pains, withal,  
Are requisite to make one Genius.

But though they praise it East and West  
Till all the borogroves are mimsy,  
It made me yawn; I can't digest  
These heavy chunks of wistful whim-  
sey.

Arthur Guiterman.

### SHORT STORY

(What has gone before.) The author of a better book or sermon or mouse trap or can opener, and such, had built his house in the woods, and the world was making a beaten path to his door.

"I wish to state," said he, "that my rental rate for hot dog stands is \$9 a front foot during the season.... The new filling station will be ready for business a week from Sunday."

—Detroit Free Press.

OVERHEARD on a corner: "I don't know what I can do about that ten I owe you." "You might help me worry about it."—Detroit News.



## MOULDS

For Making Toy Soldiers,  
Indians, Cowboys, Animals, etc.

With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS. Whole Armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete, \$4.50. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family. Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.

MAKE-A-TOY COMPANY  
1698 Boston Road     Dept. H     New York City



## a new appetizer for you



You know how an appetizer tickles your palate and puts zest in a meal. Here's a new kind of appetizer—one that gives added flavor to your favorite smoke—Squibb's Dental Cream.

Squibb's spruces up your mouth and sweetens your breath. It fights acids and is particularly soothing to irritated tissues. The minute, clinging grains of Milk of Magnesia it contains act as an antacid long after the actual brushing, and counteract the cause of furry, bitter smoking tastes.

Make Squibb's Dental Cream a daily habit and you will be taking a lease on a lot of unsuspected smoking enjoyment. 40c at any druggist.

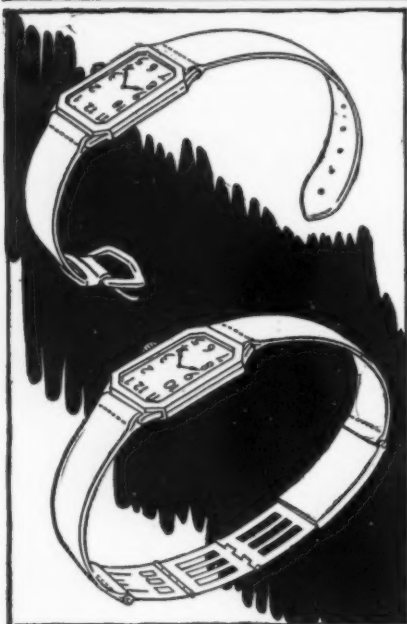
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GUARD THE



DANGER LINE



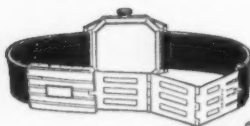


## Which Strap Is Safest for your Wrist Watch?

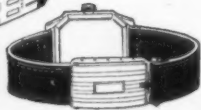
**T**HERE is the prong-buckle strap. To get it on or off the wrist requires juggling—tugging—trying. And every once in a while it slips, which slips are good for the watch repairing business. . . Then here is the new way—the Krementz Wrist Watch Band. No buckle, no prong, no open ends. A perfect loop, carrying strap, links and watch—and everything slides on or off—over the hand—or up on the forearm (convenient when washing hands.) The difference lies in the fact that there are three flat links folded into a trim metal case. These links expand and contract down to snug wrist size.

See Krementz Bands at your jeweler's, or write us for one nearest you. Sold in gold plated casings with leather or flexible Milanaise Mesh bands—\$7.50 to \$15; also with solid 14 kt. and 18 kt. gold and solid platinum casings.

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Newark, N. J.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.



**Krementz**  
**WRIST WATCH**  
**BAND**

## Confidential Guide (Continued from page 24)

**Broadway Racketeers**, by John O'Connor. *Live-right*—An exposition of methods and manners among the big-time cheaters which will certainly amuse you, and possibly save you money.

### Recommended

**Innocent Bystanding**, by Frank Sullivan . . . **Trails of the Hunted**, by James L. Clark . . . **Death Near the River**, by Monte Cooper . . . **Tamerlane**, by Harold Lamb . . . **Rosamin' in the Gloamin'**, by Sir Harry Lauder . . . **Harness**, by A. Hamilton Gibbs . . . **The Queen's Husband**, by R. E. Sherwood . . . **The House at Pooh Corner**, by A. A. Milne . . . **The Twilight of the American Mind**, by Walter B. Pitkin . . . **Spy and Counter-Spy**, by Richard Wilmer Rowan . . . **Destiny Bay**, by Donn Byrne . . . **Murder**, by Evelyn Johnson and Gretta Palmer . . . **Squad**, by James B. Wharton . . . **20 Hrs. 40 Min.—Our Flight in the "Friendship"**, by Amelia Earhart . . . **Frobisher**, by William McFee . . . **The Perfect Ship**, by Weston Martyr.

*Perry Githens.*

## Song and Dance

### Sheet Music

**Sleepy Valley**. *Harms*—Another version of "My Blue Heaven." Instead of "Molly and me, and the baby makes three," it's now: "Roses round the door, babies on the floor, who could ask for more?" In *Sleepy Valley*. A pretty ballad.

**My Inspiration Is You**. *DeSylva-Brown-Henderson*—Better get this before it becomes a rage—or a curse, depending on how you view it. It's by the writers of "Among My Souvenirs" and, like the latter, an English importation.

**My Old Girl's My New Girl Now**. *Feist*—Rhythmic psalm of joy in fox-trot tempo.

**You'll Never Know**. *DeSylva-B.-H.*—Al Jolson had a hand in contriving this song of unrequited amour. The current cycle in aviary punch-lines reverses the optimistic tenor of "My Blackbirds Are Bluebirds Now"; Jolson and his collaborators phrase it: "My bluebirds were blackbirds the day we parted, but You'll Never Know."

**Gypsy**. *Feist*—This is the fetching Romany refrain which Paul Whiteman introduced at Carnegie Hall recently, and which he is featuring on his concert tour.

### Records

**Blue Shadows and Once in a Lifetime**. *Brunswick 4050*—Vincent Lopez and his jazzists dispense excellent dancsation with these hits from Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Lopez is a feature of the revue, and through repetitious rendition it's only natural that his versions of the show's score should be the brilliant couplet this Brunswick release is.

**High Up on a Hill Top and What a Night for Spooning**. *Victor 21715*—Brisk fox-trots in the popular manner by Waring's Pennsylvanians, replete with verve and color through the medium of brilliant orchestrations, in which rhythmic banjos, intricate piano work and staccato muted brass passages assert themselves impressively. Withal, a corking dance disk.

**St. Louis Blues and The Voice of the Southland**. *Victor 21714*—Gene Austin, Victor's best seller, couples his own composition with the classic W. C. Handy "blues." Austin lends the indigo song a sympathetically warm interpretation, which is a variance from the usual ultra-"heated" renditions. The companion Dixie ballad is coaxingly appealing.

**It Must Be Love and Moon of My Delight**. *Velvet Tone 1751*—Rudy Vallee and his Yale Collegians render these colorful fox-trots, by Rodgers and Hart, from the flop "Chee-Chee" operetta. Being the best score Dick Rodgers has turned out, these several excellent songs will survive the production's demise. The Velvet Tone is a popular priced 35c disk, obtainable in the syndicate stores, and has the jump on the market through first release. "Sleepy" Ward contributes vocal choruses in both.

**Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble and Clarinet Marmalade**. *Columbia 1573*—Torrid Ted Lewis fox-trots, done in characteristic tragico-jazz manner, and rating with Lewis' best.

*Abel Green.*

LIFE is publishing its usual **DOG CALENDAR** this year, at the usual price of one dollar a copy. When preparing your holiday list, don't forget the **DOG CALENDAR**; it always makes such an acceptable gift!



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## NEXT WEEK —

### the CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Cover by Harry Morse Meyers. Pictures (some of them in color) by Percy Crosby, Wallace Morgan, Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, John Held, Jr., Charles B. Falls, Russell Patterson, F. G. Cooper, Gluyas Williams, Don Herold, R. V. Culter, J. Strothmann, John La Gatta, A. A. Wallgren, and many others.

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*and there are no "dear days beyond recall"*

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¶ Kolster Model K24, is pictured above, a 7-tube floor model with Kolster Dynamic Power Reproducer and Power Amplifier.

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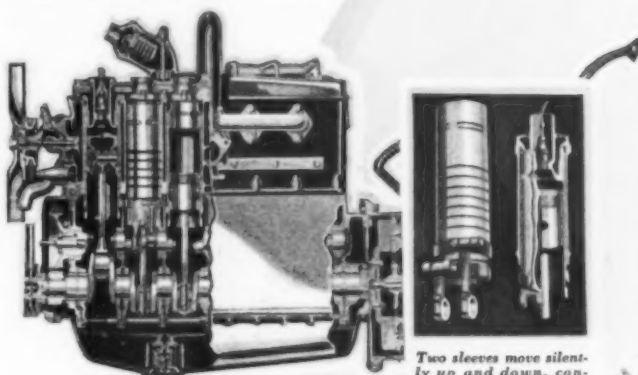
John N. Willys was the first to discern the possibilities of the Knight engine in a popular-priced automobile. He brought it to America and through Willys-Overland's great resources, introduced it at a lower price than had ever before been thought possible.

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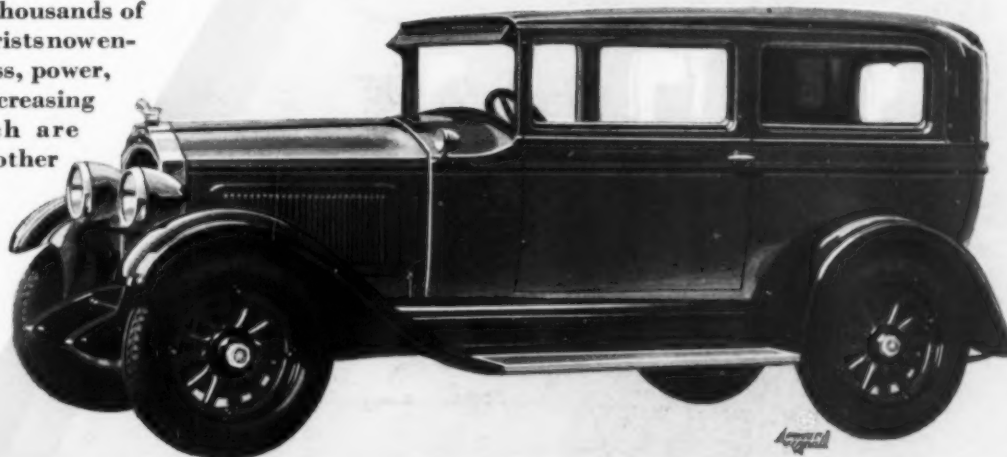


Two sleeves move silently up and down, controlling the intake and outlet of gasoline vapor.

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1928

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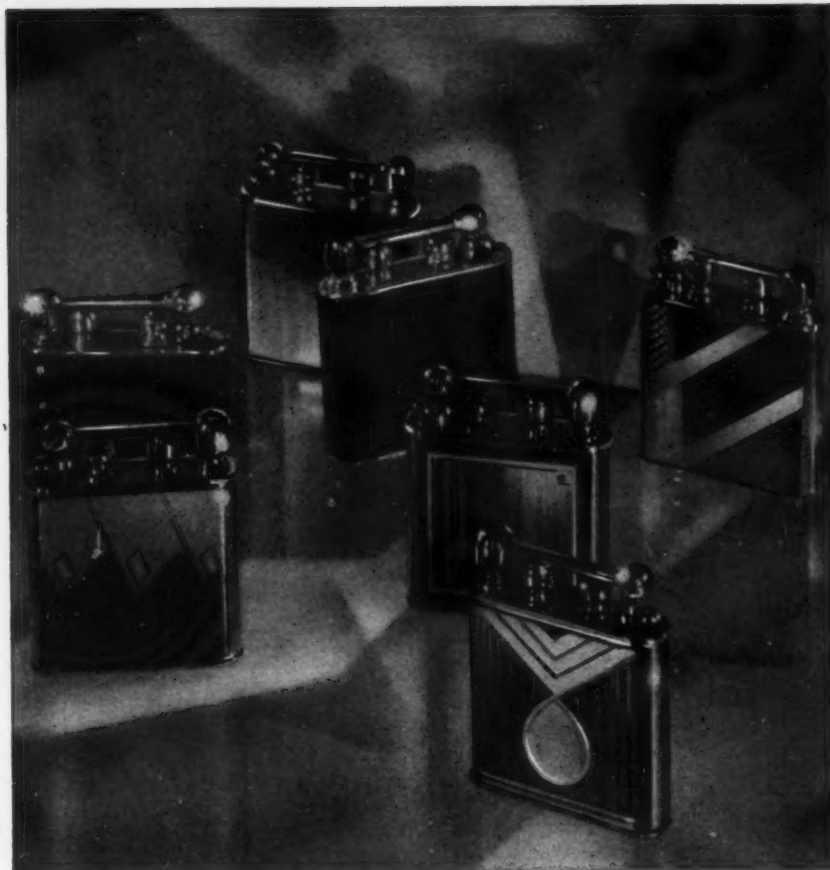
Those who know the real "inside" of motor car construction will tell you that Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken electric steel take the threat out of speed, shock,

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## Ballade of Xmas Xpectations

SOMETHING "improving" from Aunt Annette—

Byron's poems, perhaps, or Poe's;  
Uncle De Witt 'll send smokes, I bet,  
Cousin Ula, selected prose. ....  
Silk pajamas from Sister Rose,  
Cuff-links and mufflers and ties, no end;  
Belts, and braces with silken bows. ....  
Wonder what Heart of My Heart will send?

Brother will give me a shaving set  
(Tubes of lather and fragrant eaus);  
Handkerchiefs sprinkled with violet  
Girl-friend Gladys each year bestows;  
Things with ribbons and furbelows—  
Gadgets a man can't comprehend—  
Meant to banish a bachelor's woes. ....  
Wonder what Heart of My Heart will send?

Candy, tobacco and something wet—  
"Season's Greetings" from friends and foes—

Trays for the ash of my cigarette—  
Gloves and garters and black silk hose—

Bedroom-slippers that pinch the toes—  
Book-ends from some forgotten friend—  
One more record of "Two Black Crows." ....

Wonder what Heart of My Heart will send?

### L'ENVOI

Prince, this custom of Christmas grows  
More banal as the years extend;  
Still, I'm thrilled—and don't care who knows. ....

Wonder what Heart of My Heart will send?

*C. Wiles Hallock.*

### Go to the Polls!

Go to the polls! The people must decide. Don't let a few unscrupulous men decide this question! Study it up yourself. Read the newspapers! See the candidates in person if you possibly can.

Don't let narrow sectionalism warp your judgment. Be nationally minded. Remember that the will of the entire people must decide. In the old days it was so, but now democracy is being abused by the efforts of a few unprincipled correspondents. You can't afford to stay at home.

Don't succumb to blind prejudice against foreign names. Remember—we are all Americans now. Remember that California must be considered as well as Maine. Don't sell your vote. Remember—it is the duty of every intelligent man and woman in the United States to decide fearlessly and honestly who shall comprise the 1928 All-America eleven. Go to the polls!

*P. C.*

SOMETHING we all need for Christmas is the unbreakable father.



# CORONA *for* Christmas

*An easy way to solve  
the annual problem*



THERE'S a wee touch of selfishness in your gift of a Corona to HER—you're probably intending to borrow it now and then yourself! And why not? Corona can be lent with impunity. Your manly touch can't hurt it any more than can her own dainty fingers. For Corona is a marvel of sturdy simplicity. It holds the world's record for durability.

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PEAU DE SUEDE COFFRET  
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### for Men

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Eau de Coty Soap (shaker top)  
Price \$6.00



## "The Whole Topic of Conversation"

SHE: I think it's disgusting the way everybody you meet nowadays is always talking about *sex* appeal or something.

HE: Yeah, it's sort of sickening.

SHE: Isn't it, though? I honestly think everybody's getting awfully sort of degenerate or something.

HE: Yeah, I guess that's right.

SHE: I mean everybody's sort of talking about this "B. U." thing now, f'r instance.

HE: Yeah?

SHE: Yes, you see, "IT" used to be "S. A.," and now they call it "B. U."

HE: Yeah?

SHE: Yes, isn't it *foul*? You see, "S. A." of course stands for this *sex* appeal only everybody you hear talking about "IT" now calls it the "B. U.," which stands for "Biological Urge"—can you bear it?

HE: That's certainly the limit!

SHE: Isn't it, though? I mean things like that are simply the *whole* topic of conversation everywhere you go. I think it's simply disgusting, I mean, and I think the best way is just not to listen.

HE: Yeah?

SHE: Gosh, I honestly get so *mad* I could shell peanuts when you hear *men* sort of talking about a *girl* and saying she's "IT-y," f'r instance, or she's *not* "IT-y" or something because I mean it just sort of *shows* you that men haven't really any *respect* for women any more or something.

HE: Yeah, that's the way it looks, all right.

SHE: But I mean how on *earth* can you expect men to have any respect for girls who keep talking about this *sex* appeal and things like that all the entire time, do you know what I mean?

Lloyd Mayer.

## A Song of Winter

Sing a song of winter-time;  
Sing of snowy highways;  
Sing a merry little chime,  
For winter ways are my ways.

Sing a song of winter days;  
Sing of snowflakes falling;  
Sing a song of woodland ways  
With icy breezes calling.

Sing a song of winter-time;  
Let waiting bud and plant sing;  
But I'll not join you in the rhyme—  
I've such a cold I *can't* sing.

Blaine C. Bigler.

How merry would be the movie star's Christmas if she looked into her stocking and discovered that Santa Claus had left her a voice!

# see Death Valley... *this winter!*



Neither brush nor pen can adequately express!  
the sublime grandeur of the *lowest spot on earth!*



Death Valley, 300 feet below sea level, from Dante's View, 6000 feet above. © Willard

IT'S A COLORFUL day's motoring from Los Angeles to Death Valley under Southern California's mellow winter sunshine, for the Mojave Desert is unending in fascination and interest all the way to Olancho. Here the High Sierra country opens. Turn sharp right for Death Valley!

You cross the ancient Coso mountains and silent, parched valleys of untold mysteries... and miseries of pioneer days. Finally, come the massive Panamints! Death Valley, stretching north and south into the haze of great distance, lies ahead, guarded on the east by the solemn Funeral Range. Roads are good all the way—and safe. Or, you may make the trip practically all the way by train.

As much as three hundred feet below sea level—the lowest spot on earth—and surrounded by mountains of marvelous hues and proportions, Death Valley has no counterpart as a scenic wonder. Its winter climate is delightful; its summer, practically unlivable. Hotel accommodations are excellent.

Another alluring winter day's desert outing is Palm Springs, a mecca for world famous people. In fact, this entire vast, once-forbidding country, is all now of easy access from the Pacific Coast metropolis. Its vogue increases each season.

To the lure of Southern California's desert add groves laden with golden navel oranges, snow-capped mountains, flowers, golf on all-year greens, the placid blue Pacific, Old Spanish Missions, saddle sport on hill trails—and warm, energizing spring-like sunny days! Such

is the Southern California that awaits you today—and all winter long! Can you resist such an invitation?

You will enjoy Los Angeles and its hotels, shops, theatres and cafes. Hollywood is close by. Los Angeles County's oil fields are rated at a billion dollars; agricultural products average \$95,000,000 annually. Come this winter and see this interesting country.

Mail the coupon now for a new book, "Southern California Through the Camera," which pictures just what you will see here, winter and summer. It contains 73 large pictures in gravure, showing magnificent scenes, sports, social events. It is free.

## Southern California

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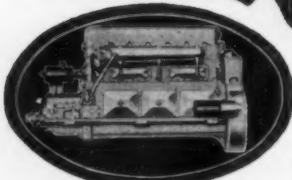
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**KERMATH MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
5820 Commonwealth Avenue, Detroit, Michigan  
90 King Street W., Toronto, Ontario

## The Spirit of Christmas

We have heard a great deal lately about the unexampled prosperity now being enjoyed by this nation. We have even been told, by statisticians, that the American people this year will spend more than two hundred million dollars on the celebration of Christmas.

How much of this enormous sum will go to those who, for one reason or another, have missed out on prosperity?

The truest Christmas gift, and the one most perfectly in accord with the real Spirit of Christmas, is the one that is given in the name of charity. Christmas is not a festival that is limited to the members of one class. It is no longer even limited to the members of one religious faith. It is a festival for all people, when those who have may appropriately share their blessings with those who have not.

We are not making a direct appeal for funds. Our own activities in this respect are devoted to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, which provides vacations for poor children in the summer months. But we are expressing the hope that the readers of this magazine will respond to the numerous appeals now being made in all parts of the country.

There are many causes that are deserving of support—many organizations working for the spread of Christmas cheer among those who would not otherwise have known it.

All of the established charitable organizations are doing more than ever at this time; and, more than ever, they need the support of generous people.

The Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the American Society for the Control of Cancer and many others are working to alleviate the suffering of the destitute and the sick.

Newspapers in every city and town are raising funds for Christmas dinners for the poor.

When you make up your Christmas list, and have figured out the total that you expect to spend, we suggest that you deduct ten per cent from that total and give it to any charitable causes that you consider deserving of support.

No Christmas present that you can possibly give will be more gratefully received, or will do more to prove that the Spirit of Christmas still lives.

LIFE.



## The LIFE DOG CALENDAR

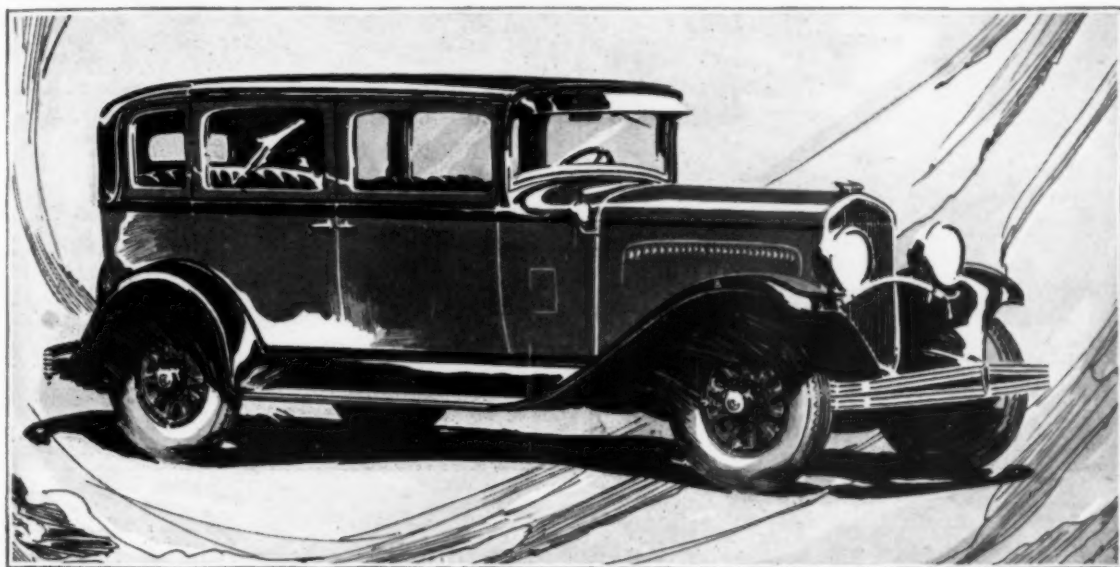
for 1929 contains the twelve most popular months of the year together with portraits of

the Setter, Boston Bull, Bull Terrier, Collie, Airedale, and other breeds, by Will Rannells. These calendars are 10 inches by 14 inches, printed with care, on fine stock, in color. If you want one, write your name and address on the margin, pin a one-dollar bill to it and mail early. The demand for these Dog Calendars always seems to exceed the supply no matter how many we print, and we advise you seriously to get your order in at once.

**LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York**



# "Volume won through value" the story of Chrysler success



New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, \$1535

Why can Chrysler, in the new "75" and "65," give more than others can give? . . .

¶ Why do these cars vie, not with cars in their price group, but with cars costing many hundreds, yes, even a thousand dollars more?

. . . ¶ Because—Chrysler begins with quality, wins volume through value, spreads the cost of quality and value over five great cars in five great markets, makes five great operations basically one, and by these savings is able to spend more in beautifying and enhancing the new "75" and "65" . . .

¶ With their new style and performance features, exclusive to Chrysler,

the new Chryslers represent a parting of the ways between the old and the new . . .

¶ They represent a new significance in value-giving, an increase in buying power which affects the entire industry, up to the highest in price.

**New Chrysler "75" Prices**—Royal Sedan, \$1535; Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1555; Town Sedan, \$1655; Crown Sedan, \$1655; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1795; 5-Pass. Phaeton, \$1795; 7-Pass. Phaeton, \$1865; Convertible Sedan, \$2345. (6-ply full-balloon tires.)

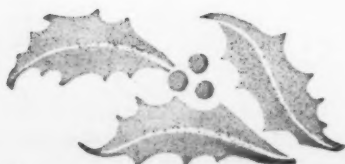
**New Chrysler "65" Prices**—Business Coupe, \$1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1065; 2-Door Sedan, \$1065; Touring Car, \$1075; 4-Door Sedan, \$1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1145. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Wire wheels extra.

# Chrysler

# Christmas Gifts



*Your local jeweler will  
be glad to suggest gifts  
in Gorham Sterling*



*A set of silver glittering in its sparkling symmetry . . . a radiance that dims the eye and sets the pulses throbbing wildly at the unexpected vision of a long-cherished dream suddenly materialized . . . the joyous splendor of the perfect Yuletide gift . . . a beautiful expression of his love and admiration . . . a reflection of his thoughtfulness and keen anticipation of her secret desire . . . a gift that will be prized far beyond its intrinsic value . . . the added thrill of vain attempts to break the charm of its attraction . . . His was a happy choice . . . of many things to choose from . . . vases, candelabras, compotiers, in a variety of patterns . . . plain or richly embellished to suit the individual taste . . . an enduring remembrance she will be proud to display as a symbol of the happiness engendered by mutual appreciation . . . But what shall she give him?*



# in Gorham Silver



What better way to pleasantly surprise him than with a lovely gift of practical everyday usefulness . . . what better means of gratifying a wish he may have many times expressed just to himself . . . to still the subtle longing for such sensible personal requisites a man unqualifiedly appreciates . . . and here it is . . . of Gorham Sterling Silver in alluring beauty that sends a tinge of unfeigned happiness to his cheeks . . . Her gift, the joyful visual expression of her love.

*Your local jeweler will  
be glad to suggest gifts  
in Gorham Sterling*

## GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



NEW YORK, N. Y.

MEMBER OF THE STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS





## Sh-h-h—make your holidays merrier with the “pre-war taste”

**M**AKE your drinks as smooth and mellow as in the good old days. You can do it! Now there's a way to take the raw edge off your supply of???. Mix it with that marvelous mixer, Silver King Fizz!

Yes, sir! It does the marvels you have heard about. It ages, it mellows, it blends, it s-m-o-o-t-h-s!

Silver King Fizz is made of the purest mineral water, plus a lime tang, plus certain secret pure ingredients. The result is a Silver Lining to Prohibition, and merrier holiday parties for you!

If you like a dry, refreshing beverage—without any alcoholic tinge whatever—you'll approve Silver King Fizz straight. It's sparkling—distinctive.

*P. S.—If you are one of those unfortunates whose dealer can't furnish you with Silver King Fizz, write to us direct! Give us your dealer's name and address—we'll see that he gets a supply for you at once. Waukesha Mineral Water Company, Waukesha, Wis.*

# SILVER KING FIZZ

**That Marvelous Mixer with the LIME tang**

## The Woman's Club of Camphor, Ill., Turns Back the Clock

*Mrs. Enna Jute Barnsy Wafts Memories  
of Childhood*

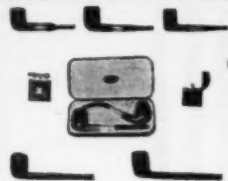
“LAYDIZZ auv thee Woommunz Cullub!  
...Huwwen Missizz Smeeeuth ahsst  
mee tew read a littul paypuh at thiss  
meeceeting, I wauz faw thee moment  
nawn-plusst; I cannut bur-ring fawth  
sooweet melludizz in thee fawm auv  
varse, like Missizz Pottuh; I cannut, like  
Missizz Tail-aw, inn-tar-pritt tew yew  
thee turrend auv wairld moov-mince in  
polly-ticks; I cannut sssing, I cannut  
dahnsst faw yew—*butt*—I *can*, in my  
hum-bull fashion, dew something  
eeceevunn bettuh: I can warft intew yaw  
nosstrillz fugguttun parfumes frawm thee  
immy-too-ah care-furree days auv  
cheilde-hood! Memmurrizz! TEN-duh  
memmurrizz!...Thee first doll, thatt  
battud toy-eece, minuss head anduh ahmz  
anduh, purr-hapsss, legz, butt nevvuh-  
thulless maw precious than rooob-izz,  
YAY, than mutch fine gold!...Kurris-  
muss!...Huwwat joe-yuss pick-chuzz  
are pain-tidd by thatt majjik ward:  
KURRISS-MUSSSS!! Thee stukkingz,  
hanging inn pullump splennaw, thee  
turree, bearing itss maw-velluss furroot  
auv tin-tidd tinsull anduh pakkijizz that  
urrowz feeeceerce eece-motions auv  
longing anduh kew-reece-ossitch! Anduh  
Ssan-teh Klawz—that noble sssaint,  
weeuth his well-nurished pro-troober-  
untz anduh lux-ooore-unt whiss-kuzz!  
.....A n d u h skoooooool! O  
tenduh skool days, ware aht thou now?  
...Scam-paw-reeng threw thee follun  
leeceeevz eece mawning tawd thee bee-  
luvid fount auv nollidge; playing hide  
anduh goseeeceeeek ubbout thee plez-  
zunnt skool-yahd; making littul furrend-  
ships, that in after yeeceuzz may rye-pun  
intew luvv! Exchanging innocent seek-  
ritz, whiss-purring intew eece other's  
chee-YILE-dish anduh spotliss eece-uzz  
owuh joovy-nile tenduh-nessizz!...Ah,  
those bee-yooty-full, dead days auv thee  
burrid pahsst!...Owuh littul legz tod-  
dulling they knew nott huwware, owuh  
littul hotz beeeceeting anduh pull-sating,  
owuh littul orbs gleceeeceee-ming!...  
.....Laydizz!!.....W e c  
may possessssst bee-yootch, wealth; wee  
may bee gurr-aceful inn moov-ment,  
fassy-nating inn speeecech, butt, AH!  
what have wee lossst! Faw nevvuh, nev-  
vuh uggen shee-yall wee trudge ullong  
life's parth inn thee slennduh, undy-  
vellupt fawm auv a chee-YILDE, skip-  
ping anduh hopping anduh bubbling  
weeuth shurrill anduh happeh lofftch!”  
(The ladies crowd enthusiastically  
around and assure Mrs. Barnsy that it  
just simply took them back.)

*Heman Fay, Jr.*

If a dog bites a man, that is not news; but if a dog bites a Prohibition agent, that is perfectly all right with us.



Pyjamas, Silk, 40.00  
Others, Cotton, Wool, Silk 6.75-46.50



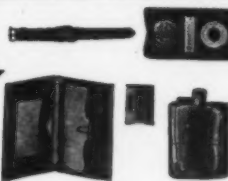
Pipes  
In Cases  
Cigarette Lighters  
Bow Ties

5.00-16.50  
15.00-65.00  
2.50-25.00  
1.50-2.75



Four-in-Hand and  
Scarves  
Wrist Watch  
Others  
Wallet  
Others

1.75-6.00  
25.00  
25.00-85.00  
16.00  
4.00-33.00



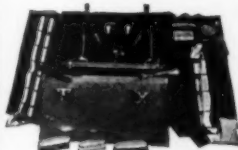
Clock and Barometer  
Cigarette Case  
Others  
Flask  
Others

35.00  
58.00  
22.00-84.00  
22.00  
11.00-100.00



Tattered Vest  
Waistcoat  
Flannel  
Others

Leather  
Golf Jacket  
18.00  
Others  
18.00-22.00



Boot and Shoe Trunk 175.00  
Others 80.00-275.00



Beverage Set 75.00  
Others 23.00-130.00  
Beverage Shaker 8.00  
Others 8.00-105.00



Umbrellas 10.50-25.00  
Shooting Seats 13.00-33.00  
Walking Sticks 3.50-20.00



Silk Gown 75.00  
Wool Gown 40.00  
Other Gowns 20.00-125.00

ESTABLISHED 1818

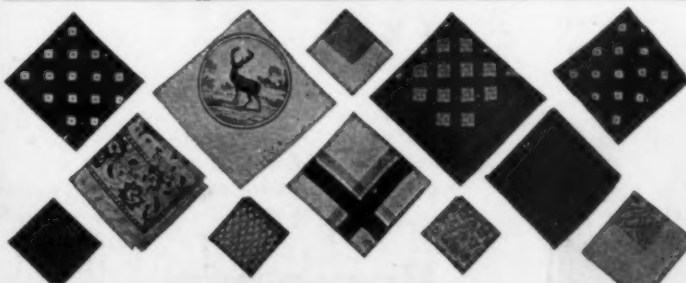
*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
*Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,*

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK



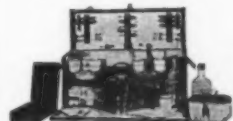
© BROOKS BROTHERS

Merchandise especially suitable for Christmas Gifts is,  
under the new arrangement of the New York Store, concentrated  
on the Street Floor where it is most readily accessible  
**NEW BOSTON STORE: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY ST.**



Silk Handkerchiefs in Various Patterns, Colors and Weaves  
Linen Handkerchiefs 500-7.00

2.35-7.00



Motor Picnic Set 256.00  
Others 42.00-256.00



Fitted Suit Case 290.00



Fitted Suit Case 168.00  
Others 155.00-168.00



Fitted Dressing Case 97.00  
Others 9.00-275.00



Fitted At-  
tache Case 43.00  
Other At-  
tache Cases 17.00-70.00



Wool Sweater 32.00  
Others 10.00-43.00  
Golf Stockings 8.50  
Others 1.50-15.50





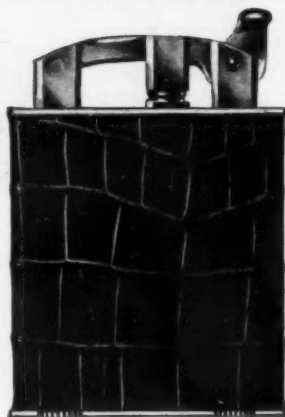
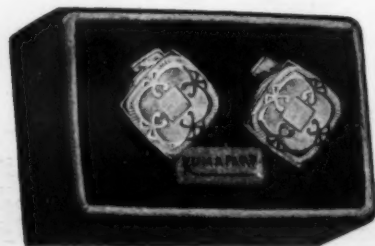
## Why not give him a gesture for Christmas?

WHAT! . . . a gesture for a Christmas present? Certainly, ladies. Give him a Carlton Lighter! What could be more delicate in its suggestion . . . more flattering in its implication? For a Carlton Lighter is the *beau geste* of smoking . . . the "fine gesture" for those who care to apply a graceful sophistication to the smaller things in life.

Don't misunderstand us. The Carlton Lighter is more than a *beau geste*. It lights! Quick on the trigger, and sure as fate. Just "snap the lever—there's your light." No cumbersome wheels to turn or extraneous doodads to get out of order. No flint adjustments necessary.

But what's more—there's a *snap*, and a *dash*, and a *style* in the lines of a Carlton that other lighters lack. It's the thinnest lighter made—with a stream-lined, wafer-like grace that is pleasing to both men and women.

If you smoke, cultivate the "fine gesture" of smoke-lighting yourself—and when a gift is in order, give your friends a Carlton Lighter too. From \$5 skyward. Comes plain, engine-turned or leather-covered. At jewelers' or men's shops. Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.



## CARLTON AUTOMATIC LIGHTERS

Snap the lever ★ there's your light



Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons for the well-groomed cuff . . . a Carlton Lighter for the well-groomed hand . . . both Kum-a-part products for the civilized man.

## Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons

## The Advertisement Reader Remembers Christmas

"Ah, good morning, Miss Modern Proprietor of Ye Olde-Time Elegante Gift Shoppe, I am part of the great American buying public that has been urged to do its Christmas shopping early and avoid the rush, and I realize that I owe it to my loved ones to preserve the joyous holiday spirit of Noël with something they will always cherish, some exquisite gift, a harbinger of Yuletide for home, club and office, more than just a present, surprisingly low in cost, strikingly new in atmosphere, distinctive in silhouette and indorsed by celebrities the world over with real value and a filigree of art work that a child can use to avoid embarrassing mistakes in English, forge ahead in business and make big money by becoming a detective in his spare time.

"It should be a gift of distinction, delightfully different, demanded by fashion and priced within the reach of every purse, an heirloom of tomorrow yet intensely practical in the moderne mode and fraught with old-world craftsmanship and the swagger sophistication so deftly imparted by your London office to please her majesty the American Woman and make a pal of my son with its amazing quality and enduring satisfaction as well as healthful recreation and a beautiful complexion almost overnight, for it is to go to a home of social importance and must have rare beauty, the spirit of Christmas past, and the smartness of the Long Island set, and be at the same time always in good taste, unbelievably aristocratic, obtainable only in the better-class shops and more representative department stores and made of a secret, easily cleaned new substance which modern science has discovered contains no harsh grit, does not irritate the throat, conforms to nature's laws and comes in a colorful Christmas box slightly higher west of the Rockies, and I hope you haven't been listening to me because what I really want is one of these five-cent cheery cards that say 'Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,' the same to you, goodbye."

W. W. Scott.

## ERRATUM

I THOUGHT I gave my heart to you;  
There must be some mistake,  
For if you really had the thing,  
I wouldn't feel it ache.

G. S.

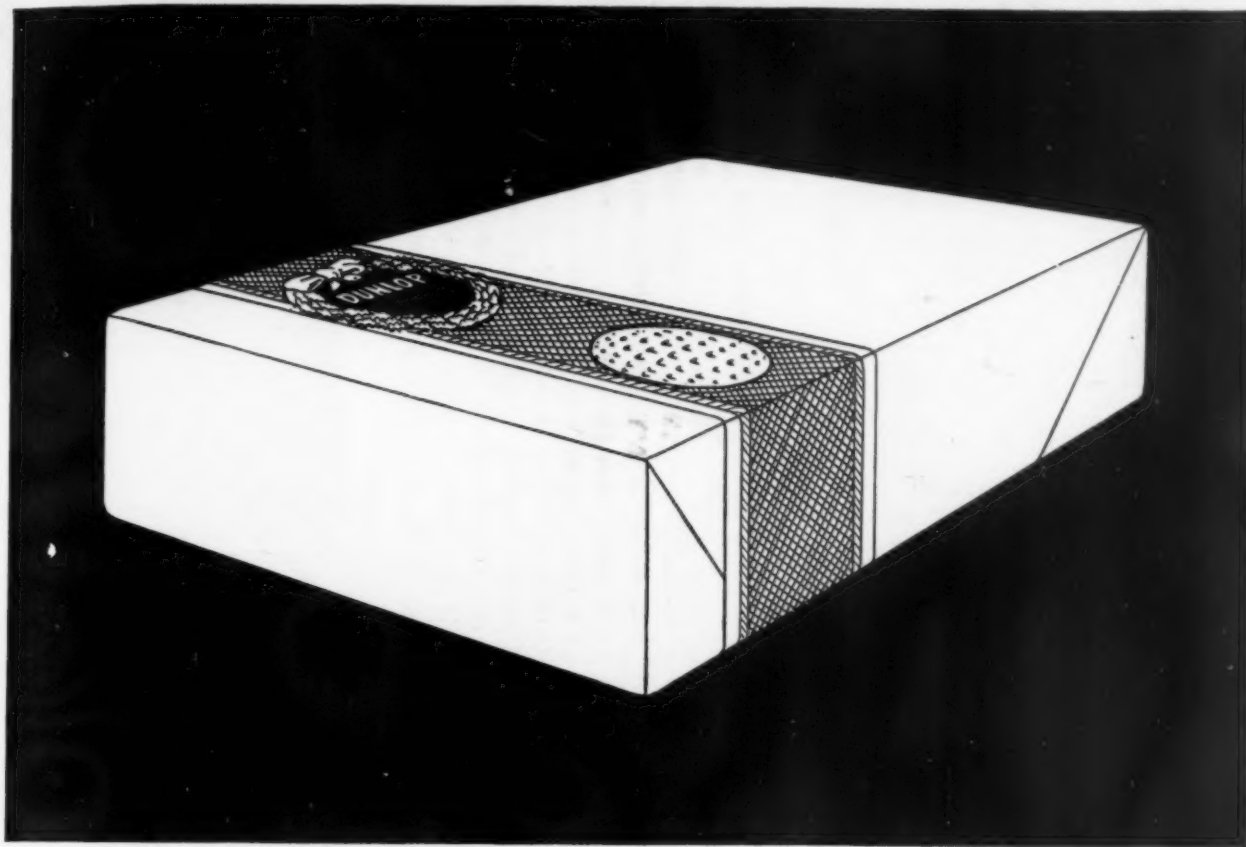
## CLEVER

EMPLOYER: You're a wonder. How did you get rid of all that broadcloth we had?

CLERK: I sold it to the fat women.

EMPLOYER: But how did you do it?

CLERK: Oh, I just called it "narrow-cloth" instead of "broadcloth."



**T**O THE GOLFER, few people would risk giving anything less than **BLACK DUNLOPS**. Possibly that's because most people know that the Dunlop is played by more golfers than any other make of fine golf ball.

**DUNLOP**



# Give these new, magical keyless gifts



Saddle Pigskin Portfolio or Brief Case with Sesamee lock  
Size 10" x 15"—with 1— 2— 3 pockets  
\$30. \$32.50 \$35.  
Size 11" x 16"—with 1— 2— 3 pockets  
\$31.50 \$34. \$36.50



Gentlemen's Airplane Wardrobe—30"—  
Also fits under seat in Pullman. Carries  
three suits conveniently on hangers—space  
for complete wardrobe. \$35. \$45. \$55.



Russet Saddle Pigskin Portmanteau  
28"—\$115. 30"—\$120. 32"—\$125.  
Same in Cowhide—Russet, Brown  
or Black  
28"—\$65. 30"—\$70. 32"—\$75.



The old iron door key, many inches long and weighing a half-pound, is gone. The until-now-modern tumbler lock key seems doomed to partial or total extinction. The new idea is to buy articles with a Sesamee lock.

A magical number, based on a birthdate, telephone or other unforgettable "vital statistic," opens a Sesamee lock.

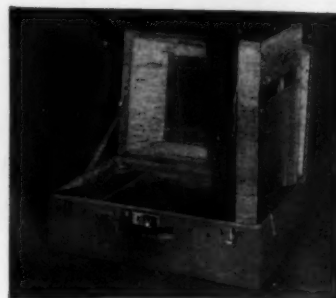
What a novel, sensible and foresighted Christmas gift—to choose an article with the famous A & F trade-mark and further to see that it is equipped with a Sesamee lock.

Of course we can supply almost all these articles and any kind of luggage with regular keyed locks if you prefer them. Write for our Christmas Gift Book. It contains a wealth of suggestions.

*Any article on this page will be shipped carriage free anywhere in the United States*



Pigskin sport bag with hookless fasteners and Sesamee lock—cloth lining  
18"—\$35. 20"—\$37.50 22"—\$40.



Junior Wardrobe—Airplane case. For ladies. Carries complete wardrobe.  
Pigskin—22"—\$75. 24"—\$80



7" Stayless Willow Golf Bag—Rawhide trim bottom. Hookless fasteners. Large shoe and ball pockets. Sesamee locks—\$60.

## Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

MADISON AVENUE & 43 STREET, N.Y.C.

